

THE MAJOR

VOL. III.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

PRICE : FIVE CENTS.

THE GITANA.

[Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.]

XLVI.

FIVE WORDS AND A HALF AND TWO FIGURES.

On leaving Carmen the civil lieutenant went at once to the court house and related the story he had just heard to the judge whose business it was to act in similar cases. Then the two, accompanied by three police agents and a locksmith, took the road to Ingouville; only, instead of going direct to the house, they turned aside into the narrow lane of which Madame Le Vaillant had spoken. From one of the few inhabitants of the street they obtained the necessary information as to the situation and appearance of the house they desired to examine.

On reaching the spot one of the police agents, in obedience to the order of the civil lieutenant, knocked thrice at the door, and called out in a loud voice: "In the name of the king and of the law, open the door."

There was no reply.

"In any case," said the lieutenant, as he signed to the locksmith to set to work, "we have complied with the forms prescribed by law."

In two minutes the door was open, and the officers of the law eagerly pressed forward. Almost immediately, however, they drew back in alarm. No revolting spectacle met their eyes, but the whole place was filled with the acrid nauseating odor of blood. There could no longer be any doubt about the matter. A crime had been committed, it was only too evident. After airing the room for some minutes the party entered the second apartment.

The body of George de Grancey stretched on the sofa was the first object that met their gaze. The blood that had escaped from his wound had stained his clothes and formed a great pool on the floor.

"The murder is only too evident," said the civil lieutenant to the judge, as he examined the body; "but I must confess that were it not for Mr. Le Vaillant's flight, which becomes a formidable weapon in our hands, it would be

difficult to convict him, for there is no proof of his having committed the deed."

"But his wife accuses him," remarked the judge.

"Would you condemn a man to death on the simple testimony of a spiteful woman?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, that is how matters stand just now. Madame Le Vaillant wishes to get rid of her

completely absorbed in studying the blood stains on the carpet.

"See!" he cried, pointing to some indistinctly marked footprints—marked in blood—that extended from the body to the door. "Here is another clue. If Oliver Le Vaillant's boots correspond with these marks there can no longer be any doubt of his guilt."

The judge assented, and the civil lieutenant

voice, "that the evidence is complete. The last link has been found, and the murderer will be unable to escape the scaffold, I promise you?" As he handed the fragment of paper to the judge the latter read:

ver Le Vaillant

the 24th of August, 1771.

It was a portion of the declaration written by

Oliver before the duel, and which he had afterwards taken from his adversary's body, and burnt. The paper had dropped from his hands before it was entirely consumed.

"Do you fully understand the great importance of this discovery?" continued the lieutenant impetuously. "Do you see that this is a decisive proof of the murderer's guilt? For what is it necessary for us to prove? Naturally that Le Vaillant was on the spot at the time the murder was committed. This is the murderer's signature. As a mere signature it would be valueless, or nearly so. But look at the date. It was on the evening of the 23rd that the Marquis left his residence never to return. It was on the 24th—and consequently the night before his flight—that Oliver Le Vaillant affixed his signature to this paper, which is stained with the blood of his victim. Therefore Oliver Le Vaillant was in this house when the crime was committed; and it was he who committed it!"

The civil judge bent to the higher judgment and perspicacity of his superior. Nothing remained to be done but to draw up the *procès-verbal*, which was written on the spot. The body of the marquis was then placed on an extemporized litter and carried to his residence, where it was to lie in state for some days.

After attending to the funeral preparations, the civil lieutenant returned to Ingouville to keep his promise to Madame Le Vaillant.

He found Carmen reclining in a studied attitude on the sofa. Her face was very pale and her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. The magistrate was completely deceived, and



"THE EVENTS OF HIS LIFE SINCE HIS MARRIAGE CROWDED IN HIS MIND WITH THE RUSH AND CONFUSION OF THE WHIRLWIND."

husband. Why? I cannot say. But it is plain as daylight that she does. Let us endeavor to find the reason, I have no doubt we shall hit it. And first of all let us go to work systematically, beginning by examining the premises, and taking note of the smallest details. Then we will have the Marquis' remains transferred to his residence. It will be desirable also to send the news of his death to the ministry and to his family."

One of the police agents had taken his place at the toilette table, ready to act as the civil lieutenant's secretary, but the magistrate, instead of dictating the *procès-verbal* which the law required should be drawn out, appeared to be

continued his search. As he knelt on the carpet endeavoring to ascertain the relative positions of the murderer and his victim, he suddenly descried in a remote corner a morsel of paper, which bore evident traces of fire. Picking it up he took it to the window for examination. It proved to be a small triangular portion of a large sheet of paper which had, with the exception of this fragment, been consumed. On it were traced some characters which were still perfectly legible.

As his eye followed the handwriting the civil lieutenant uttered a cry of amazement.

"What is it?" asked the judge eagerly.

"It is this," replied the other in a triumphant

began to repent of the opinion he had secretly formed in the morning.

"Well, sir," asked Carmen in a broken voice, "what news have you for me?"

"Alas, madam, very bad news."

"What! Has the Marquis de Grancey—?" She stopped short, as though unable to overcome her emotion.

"You are right, madam, the marquis is the victim of a cowardly murder."

Carmen hid her face in her hands, and her visitor could see the tears trickling through her fingers.

"Thanks to the information you furnished us," he continued, "we have succeeded in finding the body of the noble and generous gentleman whose loss is mourned by the whole city. The marquis was killed in the little house hard by your own."

"Alas!" continued the lieutenant, after pausing for a reply, "at the risk of increasing your sorrow, I must inform you, for you will learn it sooner or later, that the marquis' passion was the cause of his death."

Carmen raised her head.

"Then, sir, my suspicions are correct. Some cowardly murderer thought he was doing my husband a service in killing this noble gentleman."

"There can be no doubt, madam, that it was jealousy that provoked the deed."

"Are you sure of it? Have you any proof?"

"We have."

"And you know the name of the murderer?"

"We do."

"Tell me who it is."

"Madam, are you firm and strong enough to bear the news?"

"Yes, yes. But why do you ask me? Am I acquainted with the murderer?"

"Only too well."

"You frighten me, sir! Tell me at once, in the name of Heaven!"

"It is—"

"Well?"

"Oliver Le Vaillant."

"My husband!" murmured Carmen, "my husband!" For some moments she sat as if bewildered, then she suddenly broke out with the greatest vehemence:

"No, no! I do not believe it! I can not, I will not believe it! My husband is neither a coward nor an assassin! You are led away by appearances! It may have been one of Oliver's servants or friends, but Oliver, never! I could swear to it, I could stake my salvation on it!"

"I wish it were possible for me, madam," interrupted the magistrate, "to doubt the fact, and to bid you calm yourself. But it is not. The evidence is irrefragable."

"I do not admit your evidence!" cried Carmen, in a paroxysm of indignation and rage. "I deny it and despise it! They lie who accuse Oliver of murder. If you accuse him you lie like the rest!"

"Madam," murmured the magistrate sadly, "your unwillingness to believe it does you honor. I respect you for it though it is my duty to convince you. Listen to me and judge for yourself," and he commenced to relate the results of the search in the small house where the marquis' body had been found. As she listened Carmen's face fell, and when the magistrate had finished she rose with an expression of the most intense horror.

"You are right, sir!" she exclaimed. "I understand it all now. The man whose name I bear is a miserable assassin. I renounce him, and leave him to you."

Panting and sobbing she dropped, as if heart-broken, on the sofa.

Carmen was certainly a great actress.

XLVII.

FROM HAVRE TO ST. NAZAIRE.

While Oliver was pushing his horse forward, the events of his life since his marriage crowded in his mind with the rush and confusion of the whirlwind.

"O my father!" he exclaimed, "you have ruined me, but happily you do not live to see my misery."

Gradually, however, these thoughts passed away, and a certain calm pervaded his mind. He began to examine in what part of the country he was, and what a distance he had gone over.

He soon recognized the familiar landscape of Brittany. His horse, as if it divined the intentions of its master, had taken the route to St. Nazaire.

"Will I go to meet Dinorah?" said he. And he reflected a long time.

"What if she too were married?" he added. This was not all.

Another terrible thought prevented itself to his imagination.

"What if she were dead?"

And he resolved, then and there, that if she were dead, he too would die at once.

He rode all night, but only slowly, as his poor beast was spent. At seven o'clock the next morning, he dismounted at the Breton Arms.

The innkeeper received him, at the door, with every sign of pleasure and welcome.

"You have returned among us at last?" he exclaimed. "Will you tarry some time?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Will you take your old room?"

"By all means."

He was at once shown to this room. Not a piece of furniture was disturbed. He bathed his head in a basin of ice cold water and felt refreshed.

The host came up with a bottle of his famous Canary wine.

"Anything new in this part of the country, since I left it?" Oliver asked.

"As everywhere, sir, children have been born, old people have died and lovers have got married. Nothing more."

"And yonder?" asked Oliver again.

"Nothing particular, except—"

"What?"

"A very queer thing, I assure you."

"Name it, please."

"Have you ever heard speak of Magul Tréal?"

"Never."

"Well, she lived in a little hut near here. She was old, a widow and a sorceress."

"Sorceress?"

"Yes," and the worthy went on to tell a wonderful tale of Magul Tréal's last trip to the moon, astride a broomstick.

This did not suit Oliver, who was dying to hear something about Dinorah. So he drank his Canary wine and prepared to go out.

"What! going already?"

"A walk after a long ride is good."

"Will you return to breakfast?"

"Yes, unless I wander too far."

Oliver took his hat and went down the stairs, accompanied to the door by the old innkeeper.

XLVIII.

DINORAH.

He had soon passed the last houses of St. Nazaire. He entered on the hollow road which led to the residence of Dinorah. Through the foliage he saw the mossy crest of the thatched roof. A thin line of smoke rising from the chimney showed that the house was not abandoned. He came at length to the little gate. Here he moderated his impetuous advance. He was even obliged to sit down on the grass for a few seconds. After recovering his calm, he arose and continued his march.

He reached the enclosure at length. He turned the postern on its wooden hinges and penetrated into the sanctuary of his love, going by instinct to the place where he had last met Dinorah.

Here he saw her.

She was dressed, as of yore, in a dark dress and wore no other ornament than the splendid diadem of her blond tresses. Her pretty head was bent upon her bosom.

Her pale cheeks looked thin and her eyes seemed to have grown larger.

On her knees were folded her two beautiful hands.

On one finger Oliver saw the sparkling of a gold ring.

"Is that my mother's ring?" he asked himself. "The ring which I gave her in betrothal. If it is, O, then, she has not forgotten me."

Dinorah unclasped her hands.

Oliver threw himself behind a tree.

The young girl took from her corsage a well-worn paper. She opened it and was absorbed in reading it, for several minutes. She then pressed it to her lips with passionate fervor, while two tears stood in her eyes.

"What is that letter," thought Oliver, "which she thus kisses?"

He walked forth from his shelter and made several steps forward. Dinorah, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not perceive him at first. But at length she raised her head.

He saw him, she recognized him, fire darted from her eyes, she uttered a ringing cry, and with a single bound, threw herself upon the neck of Oliver.

"It is you, at last, it is you!"

"Dinorah! my beloved—is it possible that you still love me?"

"Could I love twice in my life?" she answered proudly.

"And you waited for me?"

"I should have waited for you till death."

"But had I not written, expect me no more Dinorah?"

"Yes, but you had added: 'for without a miracle, I can never return. I waited for that miracle, and I was right, for here you are.'"

"Yes, and for ever, for ever, my darling."

"It must be so. If I were separated from you, I should die, for you are my life, Oliver."

Many moments passed in a sweet, in a divine embrace. Oliver then picked up his letter from the grass, tore it into bits and scattered it to the winds.

"O my beloved, let the past with its bitter memories thus disappear from our minds."

"Our happiness has no need of unhappy recollections to ensure its continuance."

"Still it is well to remember what God has done for us, that we may thank Him and bless Him all the days of our lives."

"Dinorah, you are an angel!" cried Oliver.

"Where are my wings?" smilingly asked the girl.

"I almost seem to see them."

"Well, take care that I do not use them to fly away from you. Come and sit down and let me look at you."

Taking Oliver by the hand Dinorah led him to a little grassy mound, on which they took their places, and sat side by side for some moments without speaking. The young girl was the first to break the silence.

"Oliver," she asked almost timidly, "this terrible, insurmountable obstacle which separated us so long exists no more then?"

"No, my beloved, thanks be to Heaven!"

"It will never return?"

"Never."

"Are you sure?"

"I swear it on my honor and by my love!"

"May I know what it is?"

"Impossible!"

Dinorah dropped her eyes.

"Oh, my beloved, my adored," murmured Oliver, dropping on one knee, "I entreat you not to feel hurt at my silence. Henceforth there will not be a single mystery in my life, all my thoughts will be open to you. But I beseech you on my knees, never to question me as to the miserable year I have passed far from here."

"Oliver," returned the young girl, "whatever you wish I will do. I shall never ask you as to the past."

"In that case," continued Oliver, "shall we speak of the future, since the future is all our own?"

"Yes, if you will. The more so as to us the future means happiness."

"You are my betrothed, Dinorah."

"Yes, since we have exchanged hearts, and I besides am wearing your mother's ring."

"Betrothed—it is a dear name. But when may I call you by a nearer and a dearer?"

(To be continued.)

IN QUEER COMPANY.

BY ANTHONY LEIGH.

Bow common is hardly the district for an admirer of the simple and the beautiful to explore, and much less the sort of place you'd care to reside in. Yet I live there; but not from choice—O dear, no!

If the unsavoury and villanous odors from the adjacent factories which daily pollute the atmosphere, and the midnight serenade of the festive costermonger as he clutches the top of my front railings in an imbecile endeavor to maintain his perpendicular, and howls out the burden of some lugubrious ditty under my bedroom-window at midnight—if these and no end of other lively little incidents, can afford inducement to any sane man to take up his abode in that "location," I say, let him go, by all means.

As I've already said, I don't live there from choice. Fact is, I'm a railway clerk, on duty at a station about ten minutes' walk from where I "hang out," and I can't, with any degree of safety for my situation, reside any farther away from it. I must be there at 5.10 A.M., you see, to book the "workmen's" train out.

No, my nearest road to the station is right through a long dismal thoroughfare—if you can call it that even—bounded by the Tower Hamlets Cemetery on the one hand, and by the arches of the Blackwall Railway on the other; there are no houses near it; and it isn't by any means the sort of promenade that a nervous person would care to select for a "moonlight walk." There are fine facilities for gentlemen in the garrotting interest; then, again, the proximity of the cemetery isn't altogether so pleasant at night-time.

I was popping along there about 4.55 one morning last winter—walking, in fact, as fast as I knew how, for I was a good seven minutes behind, and I'd no time to lose. I feared I should miss my first train after all, when I noticed a small black object lying close to the buttress of an arch on my left. I picked it up, and hurried on faster after pocketing it, to make up for the one or two seconds I'd lost over it. It was an old tobacco-pouch; and I hadn't got my full supply of the weed with me, so I regarded this as a bit of a windfall. Arriving almost breathless at the station, I unlocked the door and threw up my window to book about thirty workmen standing in a group outside, and who were making some strong comments upon my tardy appearance. This done, I turned up an extra gas-jet and proceeded to inspect my prize, wondering what tobacco it contained—I smoke "shag" myself. There wasn't any tobacco though, much to my disgust; the contents were a pair of dice, a small key, and a couple of printed cards, together with a pawnticket inscribed, "Waistcoat, 2s." The dice and pawnticket didn't interest me, so I put them in my till-drawer, and looked at the cards; the larger of the two was headed:

"A FRIENDLY LEAD"

Will take place at the Alfred's Head, on Saturday the 26th instant, for the benefit of Paddy Turner, better known as 'Jack the Lemon,' who has been in 'trouble' the last four months, and hopes to find his old pals gather round him now he needs it. Paddy was never the man to ruck himself, and it is to be hoped he may see old faces rallying round him on this trying occasion. Sparring up-stairs from 7 till 8, after which hour harmony will commence. Chair to be taken by Paddy in person, faced by 'Cuttle,' and assisted by Grandfather Vinegar, Corkey Jen, Hosten Tostin, Tommy the Shootsman, Young Cooklin, Porkey Cannon, Cast Iron, Young Curley, Jack the Flatman, Young Imperial, and a host of talent and old friends too numerous to mention.

This concoction rather puzzled me. I felt curious as to the nature of 'the trouble' that had laid heavy on the soul of Mr. Turner for four

long months. "I think I should have resigned myself to it by that time," I thought; and then, just then, I began to have a faint suspicion of what "the trouble" was.

The other card was simply an announcement of an approaching raffle for a silk handkerchief, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the sole and especial benefit of some ornament to society yecept "Young Tadger;" and the welfare of that worthy having but little interest for me, I threw it aside, and hearing a tap at the office-door, opened it for the admittance of my ticket-collector, Harry Stocks, who had come to pay-in the previous day's excess fares.

Now, Stocks was somewhat of an original in his way, a sort of nineteenth-century Sam Weller, and, in fact, the most arrant Cockney I had ever encountered. He had been born and bred in Mile-end, and, as he was wont to boast, had never been more than thirty miles out of London in his life—and that only once.

As far as acquaintance with the beerhouses and "pubs" of the East were concerned, he was better than a directory. I thought, therefore, that the *ménage* of a "friendly lead" must be familiar to him; so I showed him the cards, and, describing the manner of my finding them, inquired what sort of affair it was.

"Well," said Stocks, "this is rather a mix job. I know nearly all the lot myself—by name at least—know the 'ouse too; it's used mostly by costers and such. This Turner was a coster; now he's a sort of half coster, half fightin'-man. Lor bless you, no! Prize-fightin' isn't knocked on the head so far as them little bits goes. You see, he's reckoned rather a good man with his fists among such as himself, and they often gets up a purse of five pound or so, to be fought for, and such like. You can see 'em at it almost any Sunday mornin' out Temple Mills way. They get it among themselves, and there's generally a beer-shop-keeper or two lays two, three, or it might be five pound on the man he fancies. I don't know altogether—that is, exactly—what Paddy got 'put away' for. No, not for theft, sir; 'sault and battery, I think. Least-ways, he gave some bloke a awful hiding in a 'ouse down Stepney-green way one night. I know that was the bottom of it. Ah, yes, aggravated assault, that was it. Now, as for a 'lead,' why, it's a bit of a meetin', and a 'sing-song,' an' just when you go in you put whatever you can spare into a plate they bring round. No, they are a run lot, too; but anybody—an' any gentleman—might sit there night after night an' never have a nasty word offered him as long as he kep' a civil tongue in his head. Be as well to drink though if you was asked; if you didn't, and the bloke happened to be a bit 'boozy,' he'd say 'very like chuck it over you; and they don't say 'no' if you call for a pot after drinkin' along with 'em. What's that other card? Raffle—ah, same sort of thing—pretty much—there's always a song or a bit o' sparrin' goin' on. You ought to drop in an' see 'em, sir."

"I was just thinking of the same thing. Let's see, I'm off at two on Saturday; surely you can get Lodge to work your shift for that day. I shouldn't care about going there by myself."

Stocks said he knew Lodge would do duty for him on that afternoon; so it was arranged that he should call at my lodgings at 6 P.M. on the evening in question, and we'd both go down together.

Sure enough, at five past six, a quiet double knock at the door of my domicile announced the presence of Mr. Stocks. Then a rustling and a giggling sound apprised me that, according to his usual custom, Mr. Harry was attempting a slight flirtation with my landlady's servant, which I nipped in the bud by calling him upstairs. He marched up, and sauntering into my solitary bedroom, inquired whether I was ready. I said, "I hardly knew what to wear;" so Stocks, rummaging over my wardrobe, selected a reefing-jacket, a single-breasted waistcoat, and a billycock, and proceeded to attire me to his own satisfaction. When he'd done with me, I ventured to survey myself in the looking-glass, and found my appearance was as much like a decent young workman who had "cleaned himself" for an evening stroll as anything I'd ever seen. So Harry and I lit our pipes and sallied forth down the Bow-road en route for the Alfred's Head.

We strolled quietly down through Mile-end-road, meeting with nothing of interest, until we got to the corner of Commercial-street; when it occurred to my friend that "the best sort of Irish in London" was procurable at an adjacent "pub"; and having plenty of time to spare, we must needs drop in; and having tested the quality of the whiskey, and got a cigar each, we strolled on till our farther progress was impeded by about eighteen or twenty of the élite of White-chapel, who were pensively gazing into a clothier's shop-window—obviously there was some attraction.

"What's up there, Harry?"

"Only those bills of Smith's—circulars, you know. Seen 'em, ain't you?"

I said I hadn't; and Harry stepped into the shop, and came out with a couple of the bills in question, one of which he handed me:

To His Rile Highness the Prince of Nails, and

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor and

His Wench.

SMITH,

Well known by everybody to be the only Genuine Clothing Manufacturer in White-chapel, and acknowledged by the Natives to be the Cheapest

and Best House in the Neighborhood for Cord and Cloth Clothing of every description.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND SLAP-UP TOG AND OUT-AND-OUT KICKSIES BUILDER.

Nabs the chance of putting his customers awake that he has just made his escape from Canada, not forgetting to clap his mawleys on a rare dose of stuff, but on his return home was stunned to tumble against one of the Tip-top Manufacturers of Manchester, who had stuck to the gilt, cut his lucky from his drum, and about vomiting off to the Swan-Stream, leaving behind him a Valuable Stock of Mole-skins, Cords, Velveteens, Plushes, Doeskins, Box-Cloths, Pilots, &c. &c., and having the ready in his kick, grabbed the chance, stepped home with the swag, and his now safely landed at his crib; he can turn out Togery very slap-up, to lick all the Slop-shops in the Neighborhood, at the following low prices—for

READY GILT—TICK BEING NO GO:

Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half-a-dinnuff. Proper-cut Togs, for Business or Pleasure, turned out slap, 1 pound; Sneaking or Lounging Togs, at any price you name. Fancy Sleeve Blue Plush, Pilot or Box-Cloth Vests, cut saucy, a cutter; Black or Fancy Vests, made to flash the dicky or tight up round the scrag, from six and a tanner; Ditto ditto Sealskin, Buckskin, Doeskin, Mole-skin, Deerskin, Chamolskin, or any other skin, made to order at 6 hours' notice. Pair of Kerseymere or Fancy Doeskin Kicksies, any color, cut peg-top, half-tights, or to drop down over the trotters, from nine and a tanner to 21 bob; Double-milled Drab or Plum Box, built in the Melton-Mowbray style (by men) at four-and twenty bob; Worsted or Bedford Cords in every color, cut very slap, with the artful dodge, a canary; Pair of Out-and-out Cords, built very serious, from six bob and a kick, upwards; Rare Fancy Cords, cut awfully loud, 9 times; Pair or Bang-up or Constitution Cords, 14 and a half; Pair of Mole-skins, any color, built hanky-spanky, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at the bottom, half a monarch; Out-and-out Black Doe Trousers, which stun all comers, made to measure in any style, 14 and a tanner.

Beware of the Worthless Imitations made by the Roughts at the same price.

Liveries, Mud Pipes, Knee Caps, and Trotter Cases built very low.

A Large Assortment of Caps to fit all sorts of Nuts.

A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea-Kettle Purgers, Quill Drivers, Mushroom Fakers, Counter Jumpers, Organ Grinders, Bruisers, Head Robbers, and Flunkies out of Collar.

Shallow Coves, See Sailors, or Fellows on the High-fly rigged out on the shortest notice.

Kid's Clothing of every description kept ready-made or made to measure.

Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated.

"That's his way of advertising, Tony," said Stocks. "Very good way it is, too, considering the neighborhood. White-chapel people rather like to be thought a bit 'fly,' and he seems to know it. We ain't above five minutes from the Alfred now; best chuck away the stump of cigar. Down here!"

And we diverged into a narrow dirty thoroughfare of wretched little one-story houses, the occupants of which seemed to have devoted themselves almost exclusively to shoe-binding, cobbling, artificial-flower making and mangling—though were the linen came from that required mangling was a mystery indeed.

At the door of one of these habitations lounged a somewhat untidy and unwashed gentleman in shirt-sleeves none of the cleanest. He was holding sweet commune with a kindred spirit in the chimney-sweeping line, and they seemed together to have arrived at a mutual agreement upon some point; for as we approached, he of the shirt-sleeves turned lazily and unsteadily round, and yelled up the passage of his mansion:

"Bill-ee!"

"Ull-o-o!" from the far end of the passage.

"Kim 'ere! Look sharp!"

Bill-ee appeared in person forthwith.

"Bill-ee (Give us tuppence, Joe?), cut round to Webb's—Webb's this time, mind yer!—cut round to Webb's, and fetch another pot of 'umble. 'Old 'ard, now. Do as yer told, and go to Webb's. You're—fond of the Lion, 'cos it's a yard or so nearer. Go on, now, an' look sharp back. Ah," added shirt-sleeves, leaning round with a fishy gaze and a maudlin shake of his unkempt head, "blow them as 'ud rob a poor bloke of his ponghelo! Lord send as 'ow it war a penny a gallon, so as hevery cove could git a skinful for 'arf a dollar!"

His friend gave vent to an expressive "Ah;" and the sentiment seemed to meet with general sympathy from five or six tattered demials who were loafing round the next doorway.

We proceeded on; and arriving at the end of the street, turned sharply to the right.

"Here we are; 'bout fifty yards farther on," said Stocks. "Wait half a minute outside, while I go across the road and get two or three smokes—they've got nothing but pickwicks in there, and bad at that!"

He left me contemplating the exterior of a dirty and very questionable-looking little beer-shop—on the cellar-flap of which a gentleman, attired in a "guernsey," was executing an elaborate "double-shuffle." The survey wasn't re-

assuring, and I walked round the corner, where I was suddenly confronted by a young lady in a very low-necked dress, with short sleeves that displayed a pair of muscular red arms to their fullest advantage; head-covering she had none, unless a mammoth chignon may be considered such; and one eye was very suggestive of a fading rainbow.

"Porkey up-stairs, young man?"

I had an idea that I'd heard the name before somewhere.

"Porkey, Porkey!" I said. "Who on earth's Porkey? Can't say I know him."

"You know; Porkey Cannon—Joe Cannon; got a sleeve-weskit on, and a billycock. He's a-sparrin' now—leastways, he oughter be. He said he wouldn't be later than seven or a quarter-past, an' he's alwys in about time."

I would have answered, but my fair interlocutor, catching a glimpse of a bullet-head and a square pair of shoulders inside the bar, said:

"Cuss 'im, there he is!" and pushed her way in forthwith.

I, seeing Stocks crossing the road, followed after, in time to catch a murmur of complaint from Mr. Cannon that

"It was — 'ard as a man couldn't drop into a 'ouse to 'ave a civil pint with 'is pal, but wot he must 'ave — wench fly-blowin' about 'arter 'im."

And the lady of his love, feeling herself thus indirectly rebuked, excused herself on the ground that it wasn't her intention to have disturbed Mr. P. C. in his moments of relaxation, only that a young man outside had informed her that he (Mr. C.) was one of the company present, and "ad bin a-sparrin'."

"Wot young man?" inquired Porkey, scowling round the bar in a manner that boded ill for the object of his resentment.

"Why, a 'spectable-looking young chap as wos— O, there he is!" And the fair one directed an appealing and expressive glance at me, which obviously showed that she wished me to corroborate her.

"That ain't good enough for me," scornfully remarked Mr. Cannon; "the gentleman and me is puffet strangers. Wos that right, sir, wot she was a-sayin' of jist now?"

"Well, that wasn't exactly the way it occurred," I said, with what I intended for a conciliatory smile.

"No, I knowed—well it wosn't; that kid ain't good enough for me, old duchess. 'Ave a drop 'long o' me," said Porkey, in a mollified tone. "Wot's it to be?"

"Drop o' stout-and-mild, Joe," curtley answered his lady.

"Drink, old man," said Porkey, extending the pot towards me; and I drank deeply—so deeply, in fact, that by the expression on Mr. Cannon's countenance I fancied I had secured a place in his esteem. Then he indulged in a little affectionate horseplay with his beloved, and on Stocks handing me a cigar, I stepped to the other side of the bar for a light, and to inspect a long yellow placard which was tacked to the bar partition. *Verbatim et Literatim* it ran:

Immense Attraction! Grand Extra Night!

THE SKULL-CRACKER'S ARMS, COBWEED-STREET, CATSMEAT-SQUARE.

A GRAND CONCERT AND BALL

Will take place at the above House,

In aid of the Funds of the Laisey Cabman's Society, they having exhausted all their ready Cash during the late severe Weather.

Chairman: LONG SNOW, the Haymarket Ghost.

The following talented gents have consented to appear:

Industrious CHARLEY JONES and UPHAM, from Clapham, will sing a duet.

Little CUBLEY, by permission of Mr. Lotion of the Lord Raglan, will appear in Character.

Long JIM will squint Blink Bonny, 30 minutes, for £5 a-side.

Signor PHEBY will sing "Nix my Dolly, Pals, fake away."

Mr. JACK BROWN will sing "We've swept the Seas before, Boys," and, by the kind permission of Mr. Fakes, the Pawnbroker, will exhibit his Wonderful Lamp.

PIN WIRE will appear, he having pledged his work to drink all the rum that may be called for, and go home sober!

ARTHUR STEVENS will recite "The Faker and the Flatman," after which he will be permitted to sleep in the corner until further notice.

I removed this effusion from the wall, and addressing myself to a listless-looking hobbled-hoy, who was puffing a long clay at my elbow, asked if he knew what was meant by it, or if it alluded to anybody or anything in particular. He seemed to brighten up for a moment, and looked round the compartment intently. Then he craned his neck over the partition he was leaning against for a second or so, and said:

"D'ye hear! Look e're—see 'im wots a-avin the bread-and-cheese an' pickles in the fur corner there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well" (with significance), "you arst 'im!"

I refrained, for I thought from the gentleman's appearance that he mightn't relish impertinent inquiries; and just then in tumbled some seven or eight young men and women,

who very soon made a bear-garden of the place, with their "larking" and horseplay, and, as the din began to abate, I noticed a sound overhead as of a vigorous shuffling of feet, with now and then a scrambling noise followed by a dull heavy thud, of which I half divined the meaning.

"Sparring up-stairs, ain't they?" I asked of the youth I had last spoken to.

"Ah, Paddy's got 'em on now 'long o' Joe Gardner—leastways 'e wos a-puttin' 'em on wen I come down!"

Presently the noise up-stairs ceased, and suddenly a stream of about twenty or so young fellows came tumbling pell-mell down-stairs into the bar, and the place commenced to ring with shouts for pots of "arf-an'-arf," &c.; then the door separating our compartment was suddenly opened, and a face thickly pitted with small-pox and surmounted by a rather concave nose was protruded inside.

"Good luck t'yer, Paddy! Wot cheer, old man? Wots it ter be? Kim inside," was the greeting accorded our new acquisition from half a dozen throats.

Paddy accordingly came in, and hinted his inclination to partake of the bowl by a suggestive wipe across his lips with his jacket-sleeve.

"Drink, old son!" was his first invitation, from an ugly little man in a corner, who proffered a quart-pot for the hero's acceptance (I didn't see anything smaller than a quart-pot, by the bye).

Paddy drank, and, having availed himself of about eleven other invitations of a similar nature, must have absorbed into his system at least five pints of malt liquor without being affected thereby—at least to all appearance. Then he turned his attention to business, and inquired hoarsely of a friend,

"Any o' the blokes in the front room, 'Arry? I didn't stop to see as I was a-comin' down."

"Only Stevey," responded the gentleman addressed, "and he is bloomin' well brewed, there's no kil; they put 'im right up there to 'doss' for 'arf a hour, so as to git 'im right a bit. He wos on, s'help me 'tatur'!"

"Well," quoth Mr. T., meditatively addressing his friends, "ow are we a-goin' on, chaps? Are we a-goin' up now, or wait for Cuttle? It's a-gettin' late!"

Somebody suggested that "Cuttle" was probably "flatch kennard" by this time (he was evidently familiar with the habits of the gentleman). So it was decided that festivities should commence forthwith, and Stocks and I, preceded by the bulk of the company, wended our way up-stairs, into a larger and dimly-lighted front room, where upon turning up the gas the recumbent form of Stevey the somnolent was observable on a bench, snoring away mellifluously. This worthy, having been aroused by means of a lighted tobacco-pipe being held under his nostrils, arose, sneezed violently for a minute or so, shook himself, and, giving a stupendous yawn, said,

"Give us 'old o' some ponghelo, some ov yer, good luck t'yer! I wos dry though, s'help me!" said Stevey apologetically to his companion, as he surveyed the tankard with a rueful air. Stevey had absorbed about a pint and a half from the pot proffered him, and his friend didn't half seem to like it; the goblet was therefore duly replenished at Mr. Stevey's expense.

Things didn't seem to be making much progress towards conviviality up to now; the company seemed to be rather conversationally disposed, and sat chatting in little groups of three or four all over the room. I overheard a fragment from the lot nearest me. A stalwart red-faced young woman inquired huskily of a male friend,

"Wot's the matter o' Jarvey?" indicating by a nod a young man with a frightfully-contused optic, who was playing a game of "shove ha'penny" by himself on a bench at the other end of the room.

"Ow d'yer mean? 'Is heye?"

"Ah! Bin in a row, hain't he?"

"H'm! Ah, bin a-sloggin' long o' Nobby Morgan. D'ye hear, Jarvey! Kim 'ere!"

"Now wot is it?" savagely responded the gentleman addressed.

"Who's bin a 'mousin' on yer, old man?" jocosely asked his friend, for which considerate inquiry he was exhorted to proceed to a place unmentionable to ears polite, and to mind his own sanguinary business.

The first gentleman scoffed at this display of peevishness on his friend's part, and besought him (Mr. Jarvey) to "keep 'is 'air on;" then turning to the lady who had been so solicitous in her inquiries respecting Jarvey, he asked for a reel of cotton, remarking that "Jarvey" had got the needle, and wanted something to threadle it with."

Mr. Turner and my friend were holding converse together at the end of the long table just as a gaunt bony man of about fifty odd years entered the room bearing a tin soup-plate, which contained probably fifteen or sixteen shillings in sixpences and three-penny and fourpenny pieces. He came in with a shambling gait and a half-apologetic sort of air, and bore the appearance of a sort of supernaturated costermonger—did such a thing exist—and he seemed to suffer from a chronic depression of spirits. Approaching Stocks, he silently presented his plate and received therein a shilling; he brightened up a bit at this and approached me, where upon getting another he assumed quite a joyous expression of countenance, and moved round the room at a thoroughly brisk pace, when, having completed his collection, he made a dive at the door, turned round, gave a violent tug at the peak of his cap by way of a bow, and disappeared into space.

Paddy then suddenly arose, cleared his throat, and said, "Ji-t a moment, genelman, please;" and silence being established, he commenced to inveigh bitterly against the delinquent "Cuttle."

"Wot I grumbles at," quoth Paddy, "is not 'is disappointin' only myself, but other blokes as wasn't behind in comin' forrard when he (Cuttle) wanted a bob or so bad enough hisself. Any chap take 'is place till 'e turns up—if he is a-goin' to turn up? It's bloomin' 'ard lines to be sucked in like this. He's a-boozin' somewhere, you may lay yer life, and forgot all about it. Perhaps Mr. Stocks 'ud oblige—might I ha' the pleasure, sir?"

Stocks assented, and seated himself at the foot of the table, where, having armed himself with a small boxwood hammer, he rapped loudly on the table therewith, called "Order!" three or four times, and announced that "our worthy chair would oblige with the first song."

Mr. Turner coughed, cleared his throat, and having sought inspiration from a long contemplation of the ceiling, together with an equally long pull at a quart-pot, started something in a husky quavering note, and breaking down, said, "That's too 'igh—'old 'ard." Then he went a bit lower, and delivered himself of a quaint chant—you couldn't call it a song—which he told us afterwards was "The Tanyard Side." The chorus ran

"O, no, kind sir, I'm a factory gal, she modestly replied,
An' I daily labour for my bread down by the tanyard side."

A hammering of pots and shouts of "Brayvo, Paddy!" greeted Mr. T.'s attempt to break the ice of the evening, and then Stocks inquired, "What shall we say after that, Paddy?"—an intimation to the singer that a toast or sentiment of some kind was expected of him.

Paddy was prompt to respond. He lifted his goblet, and looking across it, said,

"May the road to" (say "Hades") "grow green for the want o' travellers!"

They drank that with gusto.

The chairman then announced that "our worthy wice 'ud oblige;" and Stocks accordingly sang a doleful ballad, of which a certain "Lord William" seemed to be the hero—or villain. He "proved the overthrow" of some confiding maiden, if my memory serves me, and was duly haunted by her in consequence.

Memesis having overtaken the base betrayer in some form or other, this depressing song, with its equally depressing chorus, was brought to a close; but however it was received among the men, it certainly found favour with the female portion of the community. That sort of thing always does among women of that type.

"The call rest with you, brother Chair," said Stocks; and Paddy informed us that our old friend "Young Cocklin" would oblige with the next.

Cocklin then arose, and removing a huge quid from his mouth, took off his cap, flung the quid therein, and replacing the cap on his head, said,

"Well, I'll try 'Flash Company,' chaps; 'an' if I break down, you'll ha' to pick me up."

If Mr. Cocklin's song was descriptive of his own habits, he must have been a bad lot and no mistake. This was the chorus:

"O, darnein' an' drinkin' was all my delight,
O, drinkin' an' a-darnein' an' a-stoppin' out all night;
O, a-stoppin' out all night, my boys, like a great many more,
If it 'adn't a-bin for flash company, I should never a-bin so poor!"

The last singer had a pretty tolerable voice, and whatever he lacked in harmony he made up in sheer lung power. A little ovation greeted him on resuming his seat. "Goodo, Cocklin!" "Brayvo-o!" "Angore!" "Way-oh! Cocklin! D'ye hear, last wuss over agin!" And wetting his lips from his neighbour's pot—everybody present seemed to prefer drinking from somebody else's pot rather than his own—Cocklin gave us the last verse again, and on finishing remarked that he believed he was entitled to a call, and he should like to hear some lady sing, as the chaps 'ad bin a-aving on it all their own way. And Kate Gallagher oblige? He could see she was a-bustin' to sing.

This little pleasantry was resented by Miss Gallagher playfully hurling an arrowroot biscuit at the last speaker's head. Then she said she didn't mind tryin' one as she knowed on; and Paddy having established order, Katie, after the usual number of little coughs and giggles necessary to the occasion, started on a theme eminently well chosen. She sang a ditty called "The Prisoners' Van," and right manfully did the company give mouth to the chorus:

"Into a vehicle long an' black
They shoved my fancy man;
O, my cuss upon the driver
Wot drove the prisoner wan!"

Miss Gallagher finished; and from the applause and the general remarks made concerning her contribution to the "harmony," it seemed to be considered the song of the evening. It took me by surprise, however, when the chairman rose and said:

"We 've 'ad the pleasure o' 'earin' Mr. Stocks, genelman; an' I should be werry 'appy 'is friend 'ud oblige. I mean the genelman wot's a-doin' 'is cigar in the corner there, and a-takin' stock."

A subdued and anything but enthusiastic rapping of knuckles seconded this jocular invitation.

Now, I didn't care about making a fool of

myself, so, stepping over to Turner, I professed my inability to oblige, and meekly inquired what penalty a recalcitrant must needs submit to.

"Gallon o' beer," laconically and somewhat sulkily responded that gentleman. He seemed to have grave doubts as to whether that amount of liquor would be forthcoming.

"Call for three gallons, then, Mr. Chair—that'll make a level three bob of it," I said; and thereupon a general buzz of satisfactory remarks pervaded the room, and a stalwart coster behind me observed:

"That's you! Nothin' like doing' it proper, if yer 'as ter spout yer bloomin' shirt arterwards!" And he accompanied his remark with a slap on my back that fairly fetched the breath out of me.

Popularity is cheap at three gallons of malt.

Paddy then called our attention to the fact that it wanted but five-and-twenty minutes to twelve; that there was but time for about two more songs, and we "might as well 'ave a good 'un to wind up with." He begged to call upon—Paddy paused and looked angrily towards the middle of the room, where two ladies, pretty well gone in liquor, had commenced what gave signs of being a violent altercation. There was every prospect of a general row if this wasn't nipped in the bud; so Turner quitted his chair, and plunged into the knot of disputants, where having taken one of the fair brawlers by the shoulders, a peaceably-disposed friend took the same freedom with the other, and the result of this friendly interposition was a scene that fairly baffled description; for in a moment a sudden hustling, scuffling sound was heard, mingled with oaths and screams, as men and women rolled over each other, and clawed and scratched at friend or foe indiscriminately. This was varied by the loudly-expressed asseverations of a sturdy coster, far advanced in beer, and eager to establish a private little fight on his own account. I had heard him addressed, as "Darkie" during the course of the evening.

"I'm good enough for any—cove here," remarked Darkie. "Will any—man put 'is sanguinary dooks up an' try! 'Ere!—look 'ere!—'ere's 'arf a dollar to any man as'll knock my—'at orf!"

At this juncture Mr. Darkie was seized by two friends soberer than himself, and was hurried from the room, indulging himself in a torrent of blasphemy at each step.

I stepped over to Stocks, who remarked: "Looks good enough to travel, don't it, Tony?"

I said I thought it was.

"Now, gentlemen, please!" said, or rather yelled, the landlord, exhibiting his head through the half-open door. Seeing the state of things he withdrew that portion of him, and sang out down-stairs, "Turn out, Phil—sharp!"

In two seconds the gas was turned off, and Stocks and I shot through the open door into the darkness, groping our way downstairs with what speed we might. Passing into the street we found a batch of ill-conditioned hobbledahs, who had been attracted by the commotion upstairs, and were thirsting for the spectacle of a street fight—no rarity in that neighbourhood. Reaching White-chapel-road, we stopped to light our pipes, and started at a sharpish pace for home. Beaumont-square was passed, then the Globe-bridge, and as we halted at the corner of Grove-road (where we had to separate) Stocks asked:

"Going there again, old man?"

"Not if I know myself."

And we shook hands for the night.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29; very like indeed: and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I. "Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life."

"At twenty-five I was desperate."

"Talk about Romeo! he was nothing compared with me."

"I'm not ashamed of it."

"She was a worthy object."

"Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer."

"She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other—'Is there really an angel up there?'"

"When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal."

"Well, I loved her, and I thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure."

"I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings."

"So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain."

"Some old poet says—"

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

"I agreed with him; and, one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said—"

"'Jessie, I love you better than my life. Will you marry me?'"

"I waited for an answer."

"She gave none."

"'Jessie,' I said, 'won't you speak to me?'"

"Then she did speak."

"'No—oh, dear, no!'"

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word."

"She did not speak either."

"She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in Bristol, but I did not even say good-bye at the door."

"I bowed; that was all."

"Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself."

"What had I done to have so cold a refusal?"

"Why should she scorn me so?"

"Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated the words."

"Yet they stung me all the same."

"I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and arose from a sleepless pillow at dawn."

"Life was worthless to me, and I would have it no longer."

"But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of."

"I would go to Bristol, and seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery."

"I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in Bristol, requesting my presence on a matter of business."

"I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage."

"What did 'an unknown suicide' want with another coat and a change of linen?"

"I kissed my mother and sisters and startled my grandfather by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit."

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people from our place were in the habit of going."

"This I avoided."

"Another, chosen at hazard, seemed to be better."

"Whether I walked determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no hint to my identity to those who should find me dead."

"I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper, or letter with me."

"I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver."

"As I ascended the hotel steps, I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral."

"A grinning waiter bowed before me."

"A pert youth lifted up his head and stared, I was an ordinary traveller to them, that was evident."

"It was late in the evening; the place wore an air of repose."

"Laughter and a faint clink of glasses in an inner apartment told of some conviviality."

"One old man read his newspaper before the fire."

"Nothing else was astir."

"I asked for a room."

"The youth nodded."

"Do you care what floor?" he asked."

"I shook my head."

"'Number twenty-nine is empty,' he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once."

"We reached the room by two flights of stairs."

"At its door the waiter paused."

"'Thought he said twenty-nine,' he muttered. 'The key is twenty-one.'"

"Then open twenty-one with it," I said. I don't care for the number of the room."

"No, sir—to be sure, sir," said the waiter, and passed along a few steps farther."

"Twenty-one," he said, and unlocking a door, pushed it open."

"'Shall I bring you anything, sir?' he said."

"I answered 'No,' and he left me, having put a candle on the bureau."

"The hour had come."

"As I shut the door a heavy sigh escaped me."

"Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it."

"In the dim light of my one candle I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I had loved so dearly."

"It was in the days of curtained beds."

"The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows."

"Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and a high comb at the top by way of ornament."

"There were four stiff chairs and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate."

"I fancied myself lying dead on that bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself."

"Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked—for why

should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open?—I lay down upon the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when someone opened the door, and—There, now, Jessie, said a voice: 'I told you you didn't lock it.'

"I did," said another voice; 'and sent the key to the bar by the chambermaid.'

"I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains."

"There were two ladies in the room."

"One an old lady, in a brown front of false curls; the other my cruel lady love Jessie Grey."

"For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming."

"'Sure it's the right number?' asked Jessie."

"'Twenty-one—yes,' said the other. 'And there's my handbox. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy.'"

"'I'm not,' said Jessie. 'I wish I was, aunt.'"

"'You didn't sleep a wink last night,' said the aunt. 'Nor you haven't eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Doctor Black about you to-morrow.'"

"'I don't want Doctor Black to be called,' sighed Jessie. 'I'd rather die first.'"

"'What's the matter?' cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and you cry perpetually. What ails you?'"

"'I'm miserable,' said Jessie."

"'Why?' cried her aunt."

"'Oh, aunt,' said Jessie, 'it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And, oh, he liked me! And when he asked me, I felt so glad! but I remembered what you said, and I—oh, how could I do it?' I said, 'Oh, dear, no!'"

"'And he left me without a word.'"

"'And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry, because I love him aunt!'"

"'You little goose!' cried the old lady."

"'As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now.'"

"'My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again.'"

"'I pocketed my pistols, and crept down on the other side of the bed.'"

"'The faint red light of the fire was still in the room.'"

"'As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.'"

"'I met the waiter on the stairs.'"

"'Found out the mistake, sir?' he said. 'Just coming to rectify it.'"

"'Don't mention it,' I said. 'I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble,' and I gave him a five-shilling piece."

"'He said—'Thank you, sir;' but I saw that he thought me crazy.'"

"'He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried—'"

"'Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!'"

"'But I never was saner than I was then, and never half so happy.'"

"'Of course I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not—'Oh, dear, no;' and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number.'"

MIGRATORY BOGS.

There are said to be some six million acres of bog in the United Kingdom, Ireland boasting or bawling the possession of at least a moiety of the ill-conditioned mixture, Scotland coming in for a third, and England owning the remaining million of moist acres, which no one has yet managed to put to very profitable use. Fortunately for those whose lines are cast in their undesirable neighborhood, British bogs very rarely become so impatient of quiescence as to convert themselves into moveable property, and set out on their travels, as Chat Moss did in the far-away days of many-wived King Hal. Leland tells how, "bursting up within a mile of Mosley Hall, it destroyed much ground with moss thereabout, and destroyed much fresh-water fish thereabout, first corrupting with stinking water Glasbrook, and so Glasbrook carried stinking water and moss into Mersey water, and Mersey corrupted, carried the rolling moss, part to the shores of Wales, part to the Isle of Man, and some unto Ireland. And in the very top of Chateley Moor, where the moss was highest and broke, is now a plain, fair valley as ever in times past, and a rill runneth in it, and pieces of small trees be found in the bottom."

Thanks to Stephenson's genius and perseverance, Chat Moss is not likely to be guilty of another freak of the kind. We can find but one other instance recorded of bog-moving in England, and that happened in the "Debatable Land" of olden time, near the Netherby whose Grames, Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves went racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lea, in the vain hope of catching young Lochinvar and his fair Ellen. When Pennant visited the place in 1768, he saw a beautiful tract of cultivated land; four years afterwards, he beheld nothing but a dismal swamp. The fertile vale had succumbed to Solway Moss, the sixteen hundred acres of peat-mud of which had only been kept within bounds by the hard outer crust. Ignorant, or careless of the consequences, some peat-diggers cut away part of the protecting edge of the bog; a three days downpour came and, un-

able to withstand the extra pressure, the hither-to effectual barrier yielded, and let out a river of thick black slush, carrying everything before it. It was on the night of the 17th of November 1771, that a farmer living close by the Moss, hearing an unusual noise, went out of doors, lantern in hand, to discover the meaning of it. He saw a small dark-colored stream flowing towards him, and for the moment fancied it came from his own dunghill; but the stream growing to a deluge, he ran as he never ran before, to rouse up all within hall, with the news that the Moss was out. Some received their first intimation of the disaster from the entrance of the "Stygian tide" into their houses; these sound sleepers had to wait for the daylight ere they escaped through the roof, with the aid of outside friends. Still there was cause for congratulation: although buildings had been swept down, cottages filled from floor to roof-tree, and four hundred acres of good land overwhelmed beyond redemption, no man, woman or child had been done to death by the unlooked-for irruption. The cattle had not escaped so well, many beasts being suffocated in their sheds. One cow, the solitary survivor of eight, after standing up to its neck in mud and water for sixty hours, had appetite enough to eat heartily when delivered from durance, but refused to touch any water nor would she "even look at it without manifest signs of horror."

In 1629, says Dr. Robert Chambers, in his "Domestic Annals of Scotland," a large moss with a little lake in the middle of it occupied a piece of gradually rising ground in the fertile district between Falkirk and Sterling. A highly cultivated tract of wheat-land lay below. There had been a series of heavy rains, and the moss became overcharged with moisture. After some days, during which slight movements were visible on this quagmire, the whole moss began one night to leave its native situation, and slide gently down to the low grounds. The people who lived on these lands, receiving sufficient warning, fled, and saved their lives; but in the morning light they beheld their little farms, sixteen in number, covered six feet deep with liquid moss, and hopelessly lost. In the wet August of 1861, a farmer dwelling near the town of Slamannan, looking out from his door early one morning, beheld some twenty acres of Auchingray Moss part company with its clay bottom, and float away for three-quarters of a mile, to the utter ruin of a large quantity of arable land and potato-ground over which it spread.

Yet more extraordinary was the sight seen in the county of Limerick in 1697. The continuous rains of a very unfavorable spring getting under a large bog at Charleville, forced up its centre to a great height. Soon afterwards, sounds resembling distant thunder betokened mischief was brewing underground, the boghill sank as rapidly as it had risen, and then the entire mass was set in motion. A wide deep ditch separated it from some pasture-land, but did not prevent the bog sweeping onward with wave-like undulations, but unbroken surface, and carrying the pasture-land with it, to deposit it upon an adjoining meadow, covering it wholly with sixteen feet of soil—after which, it would be difficult, we should fancy, to decide as to ownership. The pasture became bog, and the old site of the bog was left bare, marked by an unsightly hole, throwing up "foul water and very stinking vapors." After a violent storm in March 1745, a turbary at Addergoole, near Dunmore in Galway, which the turf-cutters had only just left, began to move, and floating to a piece of low-lying pasture near the river-side, spread over a space of thirty acres. The choked river over-flowed its banks and in a very short time the fields near were hidden by a lake covering fifty acres. Before a passage could be cut for the river, the lake had extended over three hundred acres, and a week after that operation had been effected, a fifth part of the deluged land still remained under water.

This notable event in the simple annals of Dunmore will no longer stand unparalleled in the records of the little Irish town. On the 1st of October 1873, a farmer diligently laboring in his potato-field caught sight of a brown mass making his way towards him. Leaving his spade in the ground, he ran off to fetch some neighbors. An elevated bog about three miles distant from the town had burst through its banks, descending so swiftly that by the time the frightened man got back to his potato-field, half of it was buried, and a few stocks on a high knoll were all that remained to tell where his corn-field had been. In a very short space of time, the cruel torrent had buried three farm-houses, and covered two hundred acres of valuable land with "half-concrete, half-fluid" deposit, to a depth, in some places, of ten feet, leaving a great basin of a mile and a half in circumference, from which steadily flowed a stream of very watery brown bog-stuff. At the time we write—three weeks after the outburst—this stream had attained a length of two miles, with a breadth of about a quarter of a mile, and two millions cubic feet of bog-stuff had been sent down the valley. A letter from Dunmore says: "The worst of the damage already done is that it is likely to be permanent in its effects, unless, indeed, the foreign matter continues its locomotion, and branches off to some locality where it will affect no industrial interest. As it is, a wide extent of capital land has been converted into a black swamp; several families have been ruined, not only by the loss of their holdings and homes, but by the destruction of their crops, their firing, and other property which there was not time to save. It is pitiable to see one of these ill-fated tenements surrounded by the filthy ooze of the bog, with no trace of

the green fields and cheerful harvest stubble that the occupants of the deserted dwelling looked upon from its threshold only a fortnight ago."

It is consoling for those who have not suffered by the untoward action of the migratory bog to know that such calamities are of very rare occurrence. Might they not be rendered impossible? We think so. If bog-reclamation could be made as exciting as running after political jack-o'-lanterns, moving bogs would soon rank among the wonders of the past.

POOR EMILY.

"Move on! move on, woman!"

The speaker was a policeman, and the woman spoken to was seated upon the pavement.

"Move on! move on, woman!" repeated the officer, accompanying his harsh words with an indefinite motion of the hand.

"What, sir?"

It was a meek response, and one that I was surprised to hear.

I came to a dead halt, and looked into her face, which was upturned to the officer.

Not a tear, not a quiver of the lip; there was only a saddened face that the laugh had deserted, without leaving it blank or stony.

She was a delicate, fragile creature, just above the medium stature.

Her fine, lustrous auburn hair, loose and dishevelled, and here and there interwoven with silver threads, her mild eye, her delicately sculptured features, and her alabaster-like complexion, told of a nature truly spiritual, which was no better armed for struggle with the great, rough, bustling world than is the pretty lily of the valley to resist and conquer the mountain storms.

Her clothing was of the poorest quality.

Upon her head she wore a discoloured straw bonnet.

Her dress was of calico, and much soiled.

"Be off, you and your young one, if you don't want to go back to where you come from. That's what," said the officer.

The woman rose, sighed, and walked off, in a meaningless, purposeless way.

Actuated by no idle curiosity, I followed her a few steps, and I was by her side.

"Pardon me, my good woman, but are you in trouble?"

"No—no, sir," she stammered in response.

"I mean, sir, thank you, that—that—no, sir; it will be at an end in a little while. I won't sit on the pavement any more. Please not take me there again."

"But, madam," said I, "you are in deep trouble, and you need help. I overheard what passed between you and the policeman, and closely observed your manner. I am a stranger to you, I know, but believe me, I will be your friend. Now what can I do for you? Do you need food?"

Her lustrous eyes looked into mine with the same questioning expression that I had observed before, and then a tear fell into the little, half open hand of her babe.

"Thank you, sir," she said, quietly; "I need nothing, but my child, sir. I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning, and then only a piece of bread that a little girl gave me. It mightn't be so well for my child, sir."

"Have you a home, or friends?" I asked.

"A home—friends? Oh, no, sir. Baby and I have lived in the streets ever since—ever since—"

She did not finish her sentence, nor did I ask her to do so.

"Madam," said I, "you are ill, and need the care of friends, for your own and your child's welfare. My mother and sisters will care for you. Will you come with me?"

She looked into my face steadily, and then said, meekly—

"You are very kind to me and my child. I will go, sir."

To my mother and sisters on my arrival at my home, I gave the only explanation that I could give.

Such an explanation was not necessary to ensure the kind care that I had promised.

Food, better clothing, and other comforts, such as only good mothers and sisters can dispense, were supplied.

During the succeeding two or three days I saw but little of the poor creature, as my business called me to the city daily.

Rest and diversion wrought their change, and before a week had passed, the pallor of her cheek had given place to a flush that gave light to her clouded face.

Once, when my sister had asked her if there was anything that she would like, she replied—

"Just a little flower, please, a wee little white one."

After that, we kept flowers in her room, and they seemed to delight her.

What gave us greatest cause for apprehension, was that her strength perceptibly failed her.

I believe now, that the unnatural excitement, which was induced by her street life, had buoyed her up, and that not until that had been withdrawn did she know how very weak she was.

We used to bolster her up with pillows, and drive about the country in the cool of the day, because she was able to walk only a very short distance.

The most indirect allusion to her past life had not been made—that subject having been avoided by tacit consent.

She had told us that her name was Emily; but more than that, nothing.

Her child, in whom her whole being centred, thrived under the change.

He was a bright-eyed, frolicsome little fellow, and speedily won the affection of every member of the family, including Bruno, my faithful old Newfoundland dog.

On evening, nearly six weeks after Emily had become a member of our family, for as such we had come to regard her, she was seated in a large easy chair beside mother.

Her snowy muslin dress, and a pretty little crown of tuberose, with which my sister had decked her hair, made her appear a very angel, for her face was very beautiful, though not radiant.

At her feet was baby, pillowed upon the shaggy neck of dog Bruno.

We had been silent for some moments, when Emily, said, in her timid way—

"My dear friends, I want to tell you something. It isn't much, I know, though I have suffered keenly. You have been so good and kind to me and my babe, that I want to tell you if you will let me. I am falling very rapidly, and cannot live long, and I know that you will remember what I tell you, and repeat it to my poor little child when he shall be old enough to hear it, and when I shall have been a long time in my grave."

"You will tell him, won't you, about his mother? Tell him that she loved him? And once in a while, you will take him—take him with you to my grave, and tell him that I want him to meet me in Heaven, where we will be together again, and never more be poor nor wretched."

"This world has been so hard to us, when we never meant to do anybody harm, that we shall be very, very happy in that Heaven above."

As she spoke her face was serenely beautiful. That same submissive, trustful expression that I had remarked at first, seemed never to leave it.

"I was born in Hampshire, my good friends. My father was a poor laborer, and was compelled to work very hard on a gentleman's estate to get enough money to support mother and me."

"Often and often I've known him to go away at four o'clock in the morning, and not come back to us until late, very late, in the night, I used to carry him his dinner."

"It was such a poor, mean dinner, too, that I used to cry because it wasn't nice, like his lordship's; for I always thought that my dear good old father, who worked so hard, ought to have as good a meal as the gentleman who only rode about and received grand visitors."

"When I cried, father would stoop down and kiss me on my cheek, and say—"

"Oh, pshaw, child! This is good enough for a poor man like me."

"Then he would call me his lily, and tell me that I should have been born a rich lady."

"It was a hard life my friends."

"I had but little schooling, though I used to read all the books of poetry and stories that I could borrow."

"When I was eighteen, I promised to be Harold's wife, and, in three months after, we were married in the village church."

"Harold was mate on board a merchant ship and had saved a little."

"He was handsome, and so brave and generous."

"I loved him tenderly."

"Only a little while after Harold and I were married, my poor father and mother died, and were buried side by side in the churchyard at home."

"Harold had no relatives, nor had I after my parents died."

"He was ambitious, and wanted to be rich, and so we came to London in search of our fortune."

"From the moment we left the country we had a hard lot."

"First I was sick, and afterwards poor."

"Poor Harold!"

"Little by little our money melted away, until we were very destitute; and then my poor husband died, and I was left alone in the great city."

"They buried him where the poor people are buried, and, oh! I did wish then that they would lay me beside him, and cover me all up with the fresh earth that seemed to me more friendly than the strangers in the great city."

"A little while after I was told to leave the room that we had occupied; for I had no money with which to pay the rent."

"That night I wandered out in the street, and had nowhere to go, no home, no friends."

"I was all alone."

"I walked until late into the night, and then when I was very tired, I lay me down upon the pavement and went to sleep."

"I do not know how long I had slept—not very long, I think—when I was awakened by an officer, who said I must go with him."

"They put me, that night, in a great cell, with ever so many drunken, swearing women. I was afraid of them, and sat down in the furthest corner to get away from them."

"Oh, that was an unhappy night!"

"The next morning they took me out, and carried me before the magistrate, who asked the officer and me some questions, and then told me that I was a vagrant, and must go to jail."

"I didn't know what it all meant. My head swam round, and I could hardly walk. Then they took me to the prison. When I saw its

great, high, cold walls, that looked down upon me so sternly, I fainted clear away."

"The next I remember, I was in a little cell, alone, crying bitterly. I cried myself to sleep, and then dreamed such a sweet, happy dream. 'I shall never forget it.'

"Those dreary prison walls faded away, just as though they had been made of smoke or fog. I thought I was out in the beautiful green fields, just like those yonder. Away in the distance were great, solemn hills, that looked down upon me very kindly."

"All around me, in the grass, were pretty little white flowers, so many of them that I had to step carefully so as not to tread upon them."

"The sky was very clear, and it was quite light, but I could not see the sun nor the moon, though I looked for it."

"After I had wandered about and gathered as many of the pretty flowers as I could carry, I looked up and saw a little blue cloud—such a beautiful light blue cloud—sailing towards me."

"In a moment it had reached the place where I was standing, and an angel alighted from it. She was a beautiful angel; but not like common angels, for she had no wings. Her eyes were very bright and loving, and she wore a crown of white flowers, like those that I had been gathering."

"Come," she said, 'will you come with me?'

"I told the angel I would go with her, and then we seated ourselves upon the blue cloud, and floated away—up, up into Heaven. There was Harold—my darling, lost Harold—and father and mother, all so very, very happy, that I sat down and cried for very joy."

"I woke up then, and saw the cold, cold stone walls."

"After I had been in the prison three weeks, my baby was born, and a weary, hard, sad time we had during the long months that followed."

"At last came the day of our release."

"After that we wandered about the streets until you found us, and gave us shelter."

"I cannot thank you enough, but God in Heaven will reward you."

"I shall not live very long; I know it. I leave my babe—my dear, innocent, little Harold—with you."

"Oh, be mother, and brother, and sisters to him, and you will be blessed."

As Emily ceased speaking, the flush upon her cheek deepened, and she seemed exhausted by the effort she had made.

A few months afterwards, and the little white flowers that she loved were growing over her grave.

We were sorrowful, for we had learnt to love her.

We love, too, the prattling boy, who knows not yet the story of his mother's life.

LOVE AND PORT.

I was rather fond of old Stubbs; he was not a bad sort of fellow, and, besides, he had some very good port. Now, if I had been asked which I preferred, Stubbs or the port, I should, without much hesitation, have said the port.

I was reading at the Temple at the time I got to know Stubbs, and as he lived in Chilton terrace, and I lived there too, in the house next his, I used to see him pretty often.

Now, Stubbs had a daughter—a bit of a humbug; not the sort of a girl I should care much about; but I saw at once that if I wanted to keep my acquaintance with Stubbs, or rather with Stubbs' port, I should have to keep up an acquaintance with Stubbs' daughter. I could not wholly devote myself to her, because I was passionately devoted to another girl, who, in turn was passionately in love with me; but, somehow or other, that girl's father didn't see the joke of my making up to his daughter, and whenever I called at his house he frequently slammed the door in my face. Things went on much in the same way for some time; I got awfully "full" with old Stubbs, or rather with old Stubbs' port. One evening, as we were sitting over the—that is to say, his fire, smoking our—that is to say, his cigars, he said, looking out of the corner of his eye at me, "To-morrow, Mr. Chips, my daughter Bilpa comes of age; now, if you were to give her some little token of your respect, I think she would take it very kindly." "Is she only one-and-twenty to-morrow?" I said. "I should have put her down at a few years more than that." "Yes," he continued, "people often think little Bilpa older than she is; but she is a nice little girl, for all that." "Is she?" I said, rather thoughtlessly, and immediately recovering myself—"she is, indeed." And I finished up by promising old Stubbs I would certainly make her a present on such an eventful day in her life. On my way to the Temple, next day, I accordingly invested a shilling or two in a "token." When I returned to my lodgings at four o'clock in the evening, I found the following little note on my table:

"I am going to have a little dinner-party to-night, old fellow, in honor of Bilpa. Excuse so short an invitation, but drop in at seven; you will know every one there."

"B. B. STUBBS."

I accordingly "dropped in" at seven, and found Bilpa alone in the drawing-room, decked out in a most extravagant style, with plenty of hair upon her head and paint upon her face.

"I must wish you many happy returns of the day, Miss Stubbs," I said, "and if you would receive this little present from an old friend I should feel—"

"Oh! it is kind of you, Mr. Chips," she said. "What a beautiful little thing!" "Yes, not a bad sort of a thing," I remarked, turning round, listlessly, just enough to see that old villain Stubbs looking through the crack of the door. "Ah! ah!" he cried, suddenly bounding into the room, "sorry to give you so short a notice, but—"

"Oh, don't mention it," I replied; "it's all the same to me."

It was now half-past seven, and no one had turned up except myself, and I was a little surprised when Stubbs, suddenly rising, said, "Let's go in to dinner." I soon found out that "the little dinner-party" was very "little" indeed. Only three persons sat down to it—Stubbs, Bilpa, and myself. After dinner, Stubbs' port came out again, and I am afraid I took a little too much, for I believe I said many things later on in the evening to Bilpa which she put a somewhat unpleasant (that is, to me) construction upon; and the very next day I found the following little note on my table:

"DEAR MR. CHIPS,

"I am aware that you are what people call 'in love' with my daughter; and as she says that she is not at all averse to your addresses, you have my full consent to continue them. Don't forget to drop in this evening. Yours truly,

"B. B. STUBBS."

I dropped in as usual that evening, with full intentions of throwing cold water on the whole affair; but I happened to enter the house just as old Stubbs was in the cellar, and I remembered his port.

That same night a long-looked for letter came from Kitty—Kitty Cobbs was the name of my "devoted" one. It ran thus:

"DEAR CHARLIE,

"Pa's as obdurate as ever, and positively swears he will never consent to our union. So, as you suggest, the best thing for us to do is to elope. So meet me on the day after to-morrow at the corner of Colten street, where I shall be in a cab at half-past ten in the morning. Yours, through thick and thin,

"KITTY."

On the evening of the next day I dropped in as usual at Stubbs', and said in the course of our conversation, "I am off to the Continent to-morrow; I can't stand London any more in this hot weather."

"Oh! are you, really?" he said, seemingly a little put out. "Bilpa and I will miss you dreadfully. I daresay we shall manage, however, to get abroad for a short time this summer, and all—Let's see, when did you say you thought you could best arrange for the happy—"

"Oh! Christmas," I said, hastily.

"Well, there's nothing like getting a little blow-out first," he said.

That evening I packed up all my things, and half-past ten next morning found me in the same cab as Kitty. We were at once married and left the same day for the Continent. We were as happy and communicative as larks, but I did not dare to tell Kitty, at least for the present, anything about old Stubbs and Bilpa. We scampered off to Vienna and took up our quarters at the Grand Hotel.

We had been out for a long walk one afternoon about a fortnight after our arrival and came in a little late to the *table d'hôte*, and when the waiter had escorted us to our seats, who should be sitting opposite to us but Stubbs and his daughter! I was simply flabbergasted; you could have knocked me down with a toothpick.

"Hulloa!" shouted Stubbs, "is that you?"

"Hulloa!" I rejoined, "who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Took a fancy of running over to see what was to be seen. Bilpa and I are really charmed to see you. I suppose that is the married sister you mentioned, Mr. Chips. Bilpa will be very much pleased to make her acquaintance."

"She isn't my sister," I replied; "I haven't got one."

"Ah, whoever she is, we shall feel happy to know her on your account," remarked Stubbs. I felt awfully "fixed." If Kitty hadn't been there, I might have got out of the mess; but there she was, as ignorant of "the situation" as any one else in the room—except myself.

"She's my w-w-ife," I said boldly.

"Your wife!" shouted Stubbs.

"Your wife!" echoed Bilpa.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Chips," Kitty said, evidently a little surprised.

"But—" bellowed Stubbs, loud enough to be heard all down the table.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Kitty.

"You're white in the face."

"I can't stay any longer," replied. "I don't feel well, Kitty," I added, half sternly. "Come along."

And off I hurried, leaving old Stubbs and Bilpa to swallow the *contretemps* with their devilled kidneys.

I don't know how Stubbs bore up, or Bilpa either. It is ten years ago now, and I am beginning to get rather gouty, and the doctor ascribes it to drinking port too early in life. Poor old Stubbs and Bilpa are still alive, I believe; but you don't catch me down Chilton terrace way even now—no! not if I know it.

WRIGGLES.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Wriggles is a little boy
Who never can be still;
Squirming is his only joy,
And squirm he ever will.
Jackets will not stay on him,
And buttons will not hold;
Then he has a funny whim
For jumping-Jacks, I'm told.

Wriggles loves the butterflies
And birds; but then he feels
Very kindly toward and sighs
For tadpoles and for eels.
With the boys he went to school—
'Twas down a winding lane;
He set them squirming, 'spite the rule;
They all squirmed home again.

Wriggles went to fly a kite
Upon the house's top;
There he ran with all his might—
So fast he couldn't stop!
Down he spun! The folks below
Looked up in fear and pain.
Little Wriggles wriggled so
He wriggled back again!

JUST HIS DUTY.

A STORY OF THE GREAT MINNESOTA SNOWSTORM.

It was in the year of the great Minnesota snowstorms. You heard of them, I dare say. Most people did; and I've little doubt that, to ladies and gentlemen sitting by their snug fire-sides in London, or even New York, there was something pleasantly exciting in the daily accounts from those far Western States in America, of how the snow kept fall, fall, falling, day by day and week by week, in one soft, steady sheet of dazzling white, till it rose high over walls and hedges, blotted out roads, and fields and streams, and made hills and dales alike one dead, blank level. People read with eager curiosity of whole coach-loads frozen up in one night, of travellers lost in the whirling drifts within a yard or two of their own homes, of men going out to seek for stray cattle, to be found dead and stiff within an hour or so.

"There is something not altogether unpleasant in the misfortunes of others," says that cynical old Frenchman, who seems to have only lived for the sake of opening our eyes to the weaknesses and meannesses of our fellow-creatures; but indeed, I thought he was in the right of it during those weeks of winter, while the snow kept falling in the West; and we, safe and warm under a milder sky, asked—"What news from Minnesota?" as we would have asked—"What was done in the House last night?" or—"Is Patti really engaged for St. Petersburg this season?"

Bah! one man's meat is another man's poison. Why should I grumble because men and women found a subject for harmless gossip in the snows which cost me one of the dearest lives God ever sent to flower on this decayed old world of ours?

His name was Hugh Garston, and he was the master of an infants' school half way between Rock Rapids, Iowa, and the village of White Water Springs. Also, he was an Englishman, like myself, and an under-graduate of Exeter College, Oxford. Opposing elements, I grant you; but easily reconciled when you know his story. Hugh's father had been a gentleman of property, given to travelling in his youth; and having rambled as far as Iowa one summer, had there fallen in love with and married a trapper's daughter.

As soon as the deed was done he became very much ashamed of it; deserted his wife as soon as possible, and returned to his ancestral halls in Yorkshire. Unfortunately, the trapper's daughter was not a person of delicacy. Instead of taking her desertion as a gentle hint that Mr. Garston was tired of her, and resigning herself accordingly, this young woman packed up a change of linen, and not only started off in pursuit of him, but actually found him in his own home; and, arriving at the hall with a fortnight old baby in her arms, she presented the baby to the hall's master as his son.

Mr. Garston was at once a moral and a resolute man. He had determined not to place a trapper's daughter at the head of his table; and he kept to his determination. He felt the obligation of providing for his son, and did so. Threats of proving the marriage illegal, and promises of kindness to the child, were accordingly used to subdue the mother; and both succeeded to perfection. The trapper's daughter gave up her baby; and, under obligation to return to her people and trouble no one any more, was assured that Hugh should be acknowledged and provided for.

So far, so good. She went. Mr. Garston kept his word, and in due time Hugh went to college. In the latter's twentieth year, however, something occurred which turned all this good to bad. Mr. Garston had destined him for the church. Hugh declined to enter it, for the paltry reason that he did not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles which he was going to subscribe. A quarrel ensued. Unpleasant disclosures followed. Hugh learned for the first time that his mother was not dead, but living and disowned; and that the second Mrs. Garston—(oh, yes, she had appeared on the scene some time back, an unexceptionable person of property and position)

—owed her marriage to a lucky and legal flaw in the first ceremony.

Passion is productive of hasty words. Wise men pay no heed to them. Hugh was not wise. Within a week he had thrown up father, college, and prospects; and departed to seek his mother in the far West. Please to remember his trapper blood in excuse, and excuse him—as I did.

When I next met him it was out there, and he was returning from his mother's funeral. He had found her living alone in a small house on the hills, keeping a small school, and suffering from a lingering internal disorder which made life one long torture to her. Hugh brought the best medicine that torture could admit—his presence and his love; and under that gentle balm Mary Garston lingered two years, resting from her labors in peace and happiness, while the young Oxonian kept school and house for her, and tended her like nurse, servant, and son in one.

Naturally, now she was gone, I urged him to give up this wretched life, and begin a better in England, with my aid. He thanked me, and declined. He liked teaching. The school had increased, and was a blessing to those outlying farms and cabins, whose young fry would otherwise have grown up mere heathens and savages. If he gave it up, no other would take it, the pay was so poor and the situation so lonely. Besides, he was now bent on the Independent ministry, and found this a capital place for perfecting his studies in quiet, and practising their lessons in freedom. These were his arguments, and I combated them with ease. Then he turned on me, and told me—

"I have grown to care for a girl in the village yonder, Malva Keith. She is not a lady, and I am not a gentleman—after my father's pattern at least. This state of life suits her better than any other; therefore, if I marry her, it and no other shall suit me."

I had used reason against arguments, and turned them into smoke. To use reason against love would have been folly; and I was not a fool. We shook hands heartily, bade each other "God speed," and parted the best of friends, never to meet again in this world. The rest of Hugh's story I give from his letter and Malva's lips.

She was a practised coquette, honest enough in her way, and beautiful beyond measure, with the full, upright figure, lithe, round limbs, and rich colouring of a prairie Hebe; well aware of her beauty too, both from her glass and the more audible homage of at least a score of rough and ready admirers, trappers, timber-fellers, railway employes, loafers, and the like, who all vied in paying court to the flower of White Waters. Hugh came in among these like a star from another system; and straightway Malva cast off her old suitors, and hauled down the flag of freedom to lay it at the young schoolmaster's feet.

So far, so well; but unfortunately, surrender was easier than subjection to this young lady. Hugh lived fully three miles off, and was at his work all day. Malva lived just outside the village—her father was a timber contractor, and a well-to-do man of the roughest class—and the house was always full of those of her swains as did not care for work, and found making love a pleasant pastime; and Malva was too partial to this incense to relinquish it at once, and for the sake of a grave, stern young man, who had other work than hanging on her apron strings all day. The end of all this was that Hugh grew anxious, then jealous, then angry; took to reproving instead of worshipping, and so irritated Malva's pride; all of which culminated in a desperate quarrel on Christmas Eve respecting a certain Miles Pearson, whose over-familiar worship of the flower of White Waters had for some time been arousing master Hugh's wrath. I fear that latter gentleman had inherited his father's pride; at any rate, he bore himself so sternly on this occasion that Malva, who was on the point of yielding, and asking pardon, suddenly nailed her colors to the mast, and said she "wasn't going to be bullied. Miles was as good as some folk, and better. He didn't get riled and tyrannical; and for her part she preferred Americans to half-bred foreigners," &c., &c., blue eyes flashing and pomegranate cheeks aflame. Hugh looked her full in the face, and answered her, very white and cold—

"That is your choice then? Very well. The half-bred foreigner will resign you until such time as you change your mind, and ask him to come back. Good morning Miss Keith."

And so walked back to his school, and came no more to Keith's homestead.

This was Christmas Eve, as I said, and the weather was cold enough then; but the real heavy snow did not set in much before January. It had been falling off and on for several days, and was so deep in places that Hugh's school benches had grown very empty, many from the more distant clearings not being able to come. Still, the master was a great favorite with children, and these in Iowa and Minnesota are a tough and hardy little race; so on the 5th of January, 187—, though the sky was an ominous colour, and the barometer falling fast, about nine boys and girls arrived as usual, and, after a good warming at the fire, began their studies.

One of them, Seth Halkett, brought a bit of news.

"Miles Pearson's gwine to splice with old Keith's gal. Guess there'll be grand fixings down to her place. Air you a gwine to the marryin', teacher?"

"You, shut up, Seth," cried his sister, a sharp girl of twelve, who, with precocious womanhood, had got hold of Hugh's feelings in that quarter. "He's always talkin' when he knows

nuthin', teacher; an' he aren't done one figger of his reckonin' yet."

Seth stuck his hand defiantly in the ragged bands of his corduroys, and muttered—"Darn the reckonin'!" but Hugh spoke to him mildly, and bade the girl mind her own work. It was not with children that his sternness came out.

And the snow went on falling.

It soon grew too dark for studying. The flakes froze as they fell in a solid heap on the window-sill, and blotted out the light. One of the boys looked out at the front door, and got his nose frost-bitten; and a murmur rose that they would be obliged to stay in school all night. Hugh went to the back door, which was at the lee of the house, and confirmed the foreboding. The road was impassable for children already, and the snow falling in two cross currents, which made a sort of frozen whirlwind in the air. There could be no going home that evening; and he busied himself in piling up the fires, and helping the old negress, who waited on him to get supper ready for his pupils. That night, the two girls who had been plucky enough to accompany their brothers to school slept in Hugh's bed, while he camped down with the boys in the school-room. They kept roaring fires, and used every wrap there was in the house; but the cold increased hourly, and one, the youngest child, woke crying more than once.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all the next day and night. Hugh kept up the fires, fed the children well, and told them stories. Little Tommy, the youngest, cried for his mother at first; but soon ceased when the master took him on his knee and comforted him. Still, the time passed very drearily; every peep from the back room showed only a white waste of snow, trending downwards to the valley, and blotting paths, fences, and landmarks in one huge winding-sheet. Worse was coming still; for that night old Cassy whispered to her master that the food was almost gone. Nine hungry mouths soon make away with the contents of one man's larder.

And the snow went on falling.

On the following day breakfast was a miserable meal, and one of the girls having discovered the cause thereof, began to wall out that they would all be starved. Hugh quieted her, gently but firmly, and going to the window pointed that the sky was clearing, and the snow-flakes falling less thickly. They continued to lessen hour by hour; and by noon Hugh determined to make his way to the nearest village store, and bring back food to the hungry children.

It was a difficult errand, even for him, who knew every inch of the way, and was cased in fur and leather from head to foot. All signs of the road were obliterated. More than once he missed his way, and sank in the snow nearly to his thighs; and the cold was so intense that the very breath froze upon his lips like an icy skin. The poor fellow was well-nigh dead when he at last reached Ethan Ball's store—a log ranch, sunk deep in snow, on the outskirts of the village; and Mrs. Ball, whose two boys were both at school, half choked him with a tumblerful of raw brandy, which she tried to pour down his throat, in her anxiety to learn the fate of the children.

The spirit did him good, however; and seeing that the sky looked very threatening, he would not even linger long in the grateful warmth, but loaded a small hand-sled with brandy, biscuits, and beef, and set off again—refusing to allow Ball, a sickly, rheumatic man, to accompany him. This husband and wife, who had never said a prayer in their lives, and only knew the name of their Maker by way of a lively curse or two, braved the cold at the open door to cry "God keep you, man," as Hugh started on his errand of aid to the children on the hill.

I think he did—though not in their sense.

Only a light sprinkling of snow had fallen since his departure; so that he was able to retrace the journey by his own track, and was toiling heavily up a steepish hill, when, of a sudden, his ear was caught by the dismal howling of a dog far away. He paid no heed, thinking it came from the settlement; and presently it ceased, then changed to a bark, growing nearer and nearer; till finally, a large black dog came in sight round a point of rock, and bounding upon him, began a series of fawning and whining, running away a few steps, and returning to look up in his face with all a dog's frenzy of impotent eloquence. Men soon grow to understand these signs in the far West. Hugh knew, as well as if he had been told, that somewhere within hail that dog's master was lying in strait so great as to need help; and help accordingly he set out to give. The dog led the way, and he followed; now stumbling, now falling outright; sometimes letting the handle of the sled slip from his half-frozen fingers, and often determining to give up the attempt and get home while he could; but always urged on, as much by that inflexibility which made part of the man's character as by dislike of leaving a fellow-creature to perish within reach. So on and on, for half a mile or so; and then the dog stopped beside a big, motionless mound of snow, and Hugh, bending forward, found himself staring into the white and rigid face of his old enemy, Miles Pearson.

Independent of rivalry, this man had always been peculiarly obnoxious to Hugh. He was a big, burly fellow, foul in his tongue and loose in his living, with a rooted hatred to "Brittishers"—which he took every occasion of testifying by the coarsest offence which could be conveyed in to words and manner—and an amount of brutal good looks and flash attire, which found him favour with the White Waters women, and were more offensive to Garston than any insults.

That such a man should dare to admire Malva Keith, and not be repulsed with loathing, had certainly lowered that young lady in her lover's eyes; and of late the two men had hardly even met without exhibiting a manifest animosity, which White Waters, looking on with cheerful anticipation, predicted would soon "end in shooting." Pearson was a dead bullet within a hundred yards, and had killed his man before. White Waters considered it safe to lay ten to two against the schoolmaster, and waited rather impatiently for an opportunity to "realize."

Now, Pearson lay a half-frozen, insensible log upon the Minnesota snows; and Hugh Garston stood above him!

Only for a moment; then he knelt down and felt the man's wrist. It gave back no answering beat. He laid his hand on his heart; that still ticked on, but very feebly. Death was running a race with Miles Pearson, and no time could be lost if he were to be beaten. Hugh lost none. Without a moment's hesitation, he set to work to force some drops of brandy down the man's throat; then jerked the bags of food out of the sled, and half dragged, half lifted the helpless body on to it instead. The children were very hungry, but they could wait. Miles was past waiting. But, not to loose the food, he drove the long stick with which he had been walking into the frozen snow, and fastened the dog to him. He had got out of the way, he knew, and was far from home; but that would mark the spot. And now he looked round, half despairingly for some nearer shelter, and straightway uttered a shout of joy. A spiral column of smoke was rising into the air, beside a huge grey bluff, about half a mile off; and Hugh's heart beat thankfully as he recognized the chimneys of Keith's homestead.

As he started to reach it the snow began to fall.

In the great log kitchen at the Keiths', the family were all gathered round a huge fire that afternoon, talking of the snow, of the time it had lasted and the casualties it had occasioned, and wondering when fine weather would set in again. Abraham Keith had heard of a Minnesota bride and bride-groom snowed-up in the sleigh, en route to their married home, and only rescued after two days—living, but crippled for life; and his father told of a neighbour found dead and frozen stiff, within a few yards of his house, that very morning. There was no end of such stories. Only Malva held her tongue, and looked pale and weary. Possibly she had begun to miss Hugh Garston.

A heavy bang at the door startled them all; and Abram, going to open it, gave vent to such a volley of oaths and ejaculations of wonder as brought all the family to his side, and turned the solo to a chorus. No wonder, for what had entered was the body of a man, feet foremost, laid on a sled; and propelled by another man, who, as if utterly exhausted, dropped his burden at the door, and staggered to a bench, without uttering one word in reply to the questions which assailed him. No heed was paid to him, however, for all eyes had turned upon the apparent corpse; and there was another shout from Abram.

"Jeecosophat and all his tarnation grand-uncles, ef'aint Miles Pearson!"

The whole house was in commotion at once. Brandy and hot blankets were called for, Miles was put into Abram's bed; and every one was so busy in attending to his restoration, that Hugh had stumbled to the fire, helped himself to a drink of hot coffee, and turned to the door again, before any one noticed him. Then Mrs. Keith cried out—

"Garston, don't open that, man; or you'll let more of the cold in."

"I will shut it behind me," he said, laconically.

"Why, what the fury!—you're not going?" in a chorus from the men.

"Yes, I am—home."

Abram delivered himself of a whole bagful of curses, ingeniously diversified. Malva came close, and put her hand wonderingly on her lover's arm. Hugh did not look at her; but turning to his host, stated the reason for his departure—nine famishing children.

"What! out there? Why I reckoned you were coming down here till the thaw. Where did you spot poor Miles, then?"

Hugh told.

"An' you left the prog, and come away to toat him along down here! Well, I'm darned!"

Old Keith shrugged his shoulders; but Malva's eyes glistened, and her warm fingers stole down his arm, and glided sinuously into his gloved ones.

"Garston," said old Keith, giving up the past idiosyncrasy for the present—"it's most dark already, an' the snow falling like wildfire. You'll never get home with your life this day. Don't be a darned fool, an' risk it!"

"And my children?"

"Doot the shavers! If they're empty bellies one day, they can fill 'em the next, an' no 'arm done, I reckon. Let 'em be. Why, you're most broke down a'ready, an' as white as a skunk's liver!"

This from Abram. Hugh looked at him coldly.

These two young men did not "hitch well," to use Malva's phrase.

"Will you go if I stay?" he asked; "or will you come with me and help?"

With the greatest sincerity, young Keith shook his head, and wished himself at eternal perdition if he were such a fool—

"He'd keef fur his life, he guessed, ef school-master didn't fur his'n."

The schoolmaster laughed contemptuously.

"I thought so. Good night, friends. I care for the children given to my charge. Look after you frost-bitten friend, Abram. You can do that without running the risk of losing your precious life, or freezing your foul tongue either."

He went out as he spoke, and Abram, boiling with rage, caught up a "Colt's," and made as he would follow. Old Keith held him back.

"Let the darned fool go, and be cursed to him!" he said. "Look at the snow, boy. He'll never spot home to-night. Malva, bolt the door."

She flew off; but not to obey. Hugh had taken but a few steps, when his arm was caught, and Malva, half buried in her father's huge bearskin robe, clung panting to his side.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, do come back! Why, for pity's sake, do you flare at Abram so? He only wanted to stay you. Come back, do!"

"I beg your pardon, Malva. Your brother always irritates me; but his selfish cowardice just now put my blood up. Go back yourself, child. It isn't safe for you to be here a moment."

He put her back as he spoke, pressing her into the shelter of the deep porch, and wrapping the mufflers still closer round her. She got one arm free, however, and flung it round his neck.

"Hugh, don't you now—don't! Look at the snow, it's falling fast again; an' dusk's drawing in. Don't go to-night, Hugh—for my sake, don't! Listen"—trying to rub her soft cheek against his caressingly—"I love you—I love you better nor any one; an' I'll never speak another word to that drunken brute you saved, nor no one if you bid me—never, Hugh! Do forgive me, old man! Say you believe me, and stay to-night—do!"

She was sobbing and crying now, with her wet, flushed face hidden on his breast, and her warm, shapely arms clasped and quivering about his neck. The proprieties of courtship are not a matter of education in the North-Western States. Hugh lifted her face and kissed it.

"I do forgive you," he said. "I would make you my wife to-night if I could, and I believe you would come."

"That I would, old man, right away."

"Do your duty, then, child; and obey me like one. Mine is to go to those children this very minute, and I must do it. There," unclasping her hands, and kissing both them and the trembling lips with long, grave kisses—"God bless you, love and good-bye. I've delayed over long already."

He opened the door for her, and strode away into the driving snow, without waiting for an answer. She walked heavily into the house, put up the bolts, and, dropping down into a seat, hid her face in her apron, weeping bitterly.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all that night and the following morning; but towards evening the sky cleared, the barometer rose steadily, and two of the children's fathers from the village found their way to the school-house on the hill. The drifts had blocked up the front door and windows, but the back was still clear; and at the sound at their voices, half a dozen little faces, white, gaunt and haggard-looking, appeared in the open doorway, clamouring for food.

"Thank the Lord, mine are safe!" Jim Halkett said, gripping his son's hand, while his other arm held the sobbing girl. "Why, where's schoolmaster, my kids; an' what's gone w' Nathan's little Tommy?"

"Teacher went away to get somethin' 't eat yesterday mornin', an' never come back," Seth said; "an' Tommy, he tuk bad an' died last night. Guess he were so hungry he couldn't wait. We're most dead w' hunger, father."

Jim had brought a bagful of bread-stuff, on the chance of such need. He hastened now to divide it among the sick and famished children, while Tommy's father went into the back room, where the little white body lay, cold and quiet—not hungry now. Old Cassy stood beside him.

"He did nothing but cry," she said, "after de massa went, till he took sick; an' den he quiet very soon. He'd been a lyin' still, mount be a couple o' hours, when all of a sudden he skered right up, his little face all smilin', an' cries out, 'Teacher's comin'! I see him walkin' up de hill, asside of a man all white an' shinin'. Oh, let me go! He's holdin' out his hands to me. Let me go!' Dem was his bery last words, massa. He went off slick that minnit, and ef you ask my 'pinion, Massa Garston went fust. He'd never ha' stayed away from these 'ere blessed children ef the snow hadn't caught him."

She said truly. Two days later, a man and woman, starting from Keith's homestead for the school, found his body half covered with snow, and lying within a dozen yards of the stick, where the dog, stark and stiff too, crouched guardian-like upon the heap of now useless provisions. He must have lost his way in the blinding drift, and wandered round and round in circles, till he dropped from sheer exhaustion; for there were marks of his footsteps still visible, crossing and recrossing each other in every direction. But the face was quite peaceful; and on the stern lips there still lay a smile, frozen there by the icy hand of Death, before he rose up to meet the Man whose dazzling whiteness is beyond that of all snows—yea, even of the sun and stars. And even in dying he had tried to carry out that task which, unfulfilled, had troubled his last moments; for one rigid hand still grasped an end of pencil, while beside him lay the pocket-book, in which the poor frozen fingers had scrawled—

"Food—to the children—Quick!"

That strong right hand must have grown strangely dead; for the letters where all but illegible.

But what will you? He had done his best. Which of you will do more?

A LONDON LEGEND.

It is possible that some of the readers of *London Society* may be fond of ghost stories, and therefore I relate for their benefit the following legend about a certain London house. For obvious reasons, I suppress the names of persons and exact localities, and I further desire to be understood that I do not hold myself responsible for the accurate truth of all the details of the story; I need only add that the events are to be taken as having occurred some years ago.

Some years ago, then, a gentleman, whom we will call Colonel Somerville, was desirous of buying a house in the west end of town, and passing one day through a well-known square, he observed a house to be sold which seemed to him, as far as outside appearances and situation were concerned, to be the very thing he wanted. The printed bill referred him to a firm of estate agents in the City, and to them he at once went, though he could not help entertaining a misgiving that the price would be exorbitantly high and beyond his means. No harm, however, could be done, by simple inquiry. He was agreeably astonished to find that the sum demanded was only four thousand pounds. Not being a commercial man, he could not help expressing his astonishment at the small sum demanded, and naively inquired if the mansion was very much out of repair. The representative of the firm replied unhesitatingly that the house was in very good repair, and would not require more than the usual outlay upon decoration. The Colonel pressed his inquiries, and as he seemed to be a likely and desirable purchaser he was soon informed of the circumstances under which the house in question was to be sold. It had belonged to a queer old gentleman who lived in Clerkenwell, and who had died intestate, and the sale was ordered by his next of kin, who had been found with some difficulty. This old gentleman had died, strangely enough, in the very act of drawing up his will. He had just penned the words, "and I desire that my house in—square should be—"

when some kind of a fit seized him, and he was discovered the next morning by his house-keeper, dead in his chair. Now the next of kin was found in Australia or some remote colony, and was anxious to realise the property as quickly as possible. The house in—square had been uninhabited for years. There was not a scrap of furniture in it; but it had been scrupulously cared for and kept clean by an elderly deaf woman, who did not live in it, but used to go to it every morning and spend almost all day there, and preserved it in such a condition that the owner might have furnished it at any time, and come to live there without experiencing any sense of discomfort which would ordinarily arise from residing in a house which had not been inhabited for a long time. It was well known, I may add, that the elderly care-taker never slept there. The Colonel went to view the house. He found that he had not been deceived by external appearances, or by the description of the accommodation detailed by the agent; it was, in short, just such a house as he and his wife wanted for a town residence, and in due course the purchase was completed. As he was in no particular hurry to enter, and as Mrs. Somerville happened to be unwell at this particular time, and unable to come to London to superintend the furnishing, he contented himself with preparing a bedroom for his own use on the first floor, and another for his valet on the floor above. He retained the services of the elderly deaf woman who appeared to be grateful for his consideration, as she alleged that the pay she received for her trouble was almost all that she had to live on. The house became the property of the Colonel at midsummer, 185—. Toward the end of July the rooms mentioned were furnished in a temporary manner for the accommodation of the Colonel, who at that time was frequently called to town on business, but it was not till the first week in August that Colonel Somerville, accompanied by a valet who had been in his service about two years, actually entered as a resident. But in that house he only remained one night, and he never slept there again.

He arrived in town about midday on the Wednesday in the first week in August. The day was oppressively gloomy and dull in the country, and all London seemed to be seething in a sullen heat. He went with his valet straight to his new house in—square. The cabman took the fare offered to him without grumbling, observing (as he glanced somewhat suspiciously at the house), "This is the first time as ever I drove a gentleman, nor a lady neither, to this 'ere 'ouse," and he went away as quickly as he could.

Colonel Somerville took no notice of the remark at the time, though it came vividly to his recollection afterwards.

Having deposited his luggage and seen that his room looked tolerably comfortable, he told his servant that he intended to dine at his club and should be home about eleven. The elderly deaf woman, I should say, was in attendance.

Well, the Colonel transacted his business, dined at his club with a friend, and returned to his house shortly after eleven o'clock. His servant, a smart, active young fellow, opened the

door for him, showed him to his room, asked for his orders for the morning, and, having received them, retired to his room above.

It was hot in the streets as Colonel Somerville drove home; hotter still in his bedroom; yet he felt scarcely any inclination to sleep. Another cigar, he thought, would soothe him into somnolency, so he accordingly lit one, and tried to amuse himself by considering how he should furnish his new house, having due regard to the exigencies of London gas and atmosphere. His cigar finished, he undressed leisurely and got into bed; the wind, such as there was, came from the south, and he heard the great clock of Westminster strike twelve. By and by he heard the quarter, and then the half hour, and then he fell off into a doze, from which he was awakened by repeated knocks at his door. He called out "Who's there?" but the answer was unintelligible, though he heard a voice in reply. He hastily lit the candle, and opened the door. In the passage he found the servant half dressed, looking frightfully pale, and shivering violently from head to foot.

"Why, Warren, what on earth is the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you ill?"

"I don't quite know what is the matter," was the reply. "Please, sir, may I come in?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, who was one of the kindest of human beings. "Come in, Warren: you must be ill."

The man entered shaking as if an ague had seized him, and the Colonel hastily took his flask from his dressing bag and gave him strong brandy and water. This seemed to do Warren good, and then his master asked him again what was the matter.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he answered. "I went to bed all right, and went sound asleep. But I had a bad dream. I thought a pale-faced man came into my room, although I knew I had locked the door, and he stood beside my bed, looking for all the world, sir, as if he should like to eat me; and then the air in the room became so oppressive that it seemed to weigh upon my face and head, and then this terrible shivering came over me as if I was lying out of doors in a bitter frost, though I knew at the same time how hot it was."

"Incipient fever," said the Colonel; "let me feel your pulse."

The man held out his wrist, and his master felt the pulse.

"Strange," he muttered after a minute or two. "Have you ever had malaria fever, intermittent, or that sort of thing?"

"No, sir; never that I am aware of."

"But yet you must be ill. Shall I go and fetch a doctor?"

"Oh, no, thank you, sir. I feel so much better now."

"Well, then, Warren, I think you had better go back to bed again."

The man became pale again instantly, and another attack of shivering seized him, and he exclaimed, almost in agony.

"Oh, no, sir,—not to that room! I feel certain that I should see that white-faced man again, and feel that weight upon my face and head. Oh, sir, do let me lie here upon the floor."

The Colonel looked gravely at Warren. He had in India seen a good deal of delirium tremens, and he entertained a very strong suspicion that this was the real cause of Warren's strange behavior; and yet the man had been in his service some time, and he had never any reason to suppose that he was not thoroughly temperate and sober. So he said, "Well, you can take this blanket and lie down upon the floor, or sit up in a chair as you please. I expect you will be heartily ashamed of yourself to-morrow morning, Warren."

"I think not, sir; I shall only be most grateful to you."

So Warren rolled himself in the blanket, and Colonel Somerville put out the candle and got into bed again and tried to go to sleep.

His efforts were in vain. He knew himself to be provokingly wide awake, and though he counted numberless sheep going through a gate and resorted to all those devices which are popularly supposed to encourage sleep, he remained as wide awake as ever he had been in his life.

Everybody knows how preternaturally acute the senses are when after midnight they positively refuse to be lulled to slumber; and the Colonel felt as terribly on the alert as he had felt sometimes in the Indian mutiny. Warren had quite got over his bad dreams and indisposition and snored in the most comfortable manner.

Suddenly some noise within the house made the Colonel start up in his bed and listen attentively. Yes—there could be no doubt about it; there was a sound of a stealthy footfall upon the stairs. He hastily lit his candle again and his gaze was turned towards the door, which he had locked after it was settled that Warren should remain. He saw the handle move.

In a flash of thought he asked himself what this could be? London thieves would never dream of running the risk of entering a house in which there was absolutely nothing to steal. To physical fear Colonel Somerville was a stranger, and so he at once snatched up the short, heavy poker from the fireplace, and without waiting to arouse his servant, whom he saw was sleeping heavily, he went quietly to the door, unlocked and opened it suddenly, prepared to capture the intruder. But the passage outside was vacant and silent.

Being a man of more than ordinary strength, and thoroughly accustomed to danger, he did not hesitate about continuing his search. There were only two other rooms upon this floor; these he entered, and, as they were destitute of fur-

niture, a glance was sufficient to show him that there was no one there. Then he went up-stairs, carefully examined Warren's room; then he went down stairs, walked through the drawing-room, dining-room, and study, then into the offices, but he encountered nobody. Then he proceeded to examine the doors and windows of the basement, and satisfied himself that nobody could have entered there. His examination of the lower part of the house occupied him about a quarter of an hour, and then he arrived at the conclusion that he had been the victim of his own imagination. Then he yawned and began to think that he felt really sleepy, so he ascended from the office, thinking that he should get a few hours' rest at last. Just as he put his foot upon the first step of the stairs leading from the hall, something glittered from the floor. He stooped down to see what it was, and he picked up what appeared to be a needle of about four times the ordinary length, with a tiny steel button at one end. He examined it curiously, for he did not remember ever to have seen such an implement before. The point, he remarked, appeared to be slightly tarnished. With this, the sole result of his search, he returned to his bedroom. He entered and locked the door after him, and was about to throw off his dressing-gown, when, to his intense astonishment, he found that Warren, whom he had left sleeping soundly, was gone!

He opened the door again and called loudly. No answer. He hurried up-stairs to his servant's room; no trace of him there; indeed no trace of him anywhere, and Colonel Somerville never saw or heard of James Warren again. He had no reason to suppose that there was any motive for his mysterious disappearance, for he had not robbed or defrauded his master in any way whatever. The next day the police examined the house thoroughly, but nothing of importance transpired. Need I add that Colonel Somerville's new house was up for sale again immediately?

Three facts remain to be recorded: First, the strange-looking needle which the Colonel found was subjected to chemical inspection, and the tarnishes upon the point were pronounced to be human blood. Secondly, when the house had been for sale for about six weeks, Colonel Somerville received a letter from the agents, announcing that the house was sold for the same amount that he gave for it. The Colonel, being a man of strict honor, thought himself in duty bound to make the purchaser aware of all that had occurred, and hurried up to town to the agents for the purpose of procuring the name and address of this person. All that the agents could inform him was that the purchaser was a gentleman named Williams and appeared to be an American. He gave a check upon a well-known bank for the amount and it was duly honored. The only peculiarity about Mr. Williams was that he had a remarkably pale face. Thirdly, the house has never since been put up for sale, but it remains, to all appearance, untenanted, though I understand that the deaf old woman is still the care-taker.

To the lovers of mystery, I commend this story.—*London Society*.

A PAIR OF PICTURES.

Look on this: A handsome farmhouse, in the kitchen of which the owner's wife is washing. She frequently takes her parboiled hands from the suds, and going through drifted snow to a well five rods off, lays hold of a frost-glazed chain, rope, or sweep pole, draws up a bucket of water, empties it into a pail weighing half a dozen pounds, wades back to the house, going up from one to half a dozen steps, stamps and shakes and sweeps off the snow as well as she can, and resumes her washing. A dozen or twenty trips of this sort, and she has walked more than a quarter of a mile, and carried 300 pounds. On other than washing days the burden is not so great, but, as a *TRIBUNE* contributor says, "To go out of doors for water is simply barbarous."

And on this: An old, unpainted farmhouse, in the kitchen of which is a pump which brings water through a pipe (laid below the reach of frost) from the well, three rods distant. Here, no matter what the weather is, the housewife can, in less time than would be required to go to and from the well, and with no exposure, pump a pail of water or half a dozen if need be, into tub or boiler without using a pail at all.

Which better deserves the name of Home—the handsome house that sends you, "through wind and rain, though mud and mire," for a cup of cold water, or the homely one that furnishes the welcome refreshment without depriving you of shelter?

Still better than the pump is it to get a spring 10 or 20 feet higher than your house, and by means of one-half or three-eighth inch tin pipe let the water bring itself; but as there are comparatively few houses where this is possible, the best inviolable means of supplying water is to put a pump in the kitchen. It must be a very small, or a very untidy family that does not use four pails of water a day; and each of these weighs 25 pounds, which makes more than 18 tons a year; and if your well is 5 rods from the house each painful coast 10 rods walk, 40 rods a day, more than 45 miles a year. Wells in cellars render the air under the house damp, and hence injurious both to buildings and their occupants.

"Cleanliness is akin to godliness," and cleanliness like many another desirable thing is indulged in just in proportion as it can be easily attained.

"THE FAVORITE"

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE FAVORITE.....	\$2.00 p. an.
THE CANADIAN ILLUS- TRATED NEWS.....	4.00 "
THE CANADIAN PATENT OF- FICE RECORD AND ME- CHANICS MAGAZINE....	1.50 "
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.....	3.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communica-
tions to be addressed to,
THE MANAGER,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and liter-
ary contributions to be addressed to,
THE EDITOR,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for re-
turn postage should be inclosed.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to
take notice that in future Rejected Contri-
butions will not be returned

Letters requiring a private answer should
always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions
unaccompanied by the name and address of
the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for
their safe keeping.

PRETENCES.

We are by no means prepared to go so far as
some philosophers have done, and assert that
there is a natural tendency in the human mind
which leads people to deceive one another; but
leaving theory to shift for itself, we cleave to
the fact which everybody is aware of, that
folks do practise deceit. This is done by preten-
ces of all sorts and sizes, to serve all manner of
purposes. Pretences political, moral, social, and
domestic;—pretences with an object and preten-
ces apparently objectless;—pretences got up
beforehand, and pretences devised on the spur
of the moment;—pretences which do a great
deal of harm, and others whose greatest fault is,
that they are pretences. It would take a large
book to contain "the physiology of pretences,"
and we suggest the subject to authors in want of
one. We only point out the fact of the almost
universality of pretence as an introduction to
what we have to say,—an introduction which
has the somewhat uncommon merit of being
appropriate.

There are a good many modes of treating pre-
tences. There are, the simply indignant; the
moral, which includes a little of what is known
as "virtuous indignation;" the argumentative
or intellectual; and the sarcastic and appre-
ciative. These are, of course, all employed by
different orders of mind with various modifica-
tions and different effects. The indignant mode
generally calls up a counter-demonstration of
indignation, either real or assumed, and has the
inconvenience of creating a host of words which
bring up others, and we need not say how that
ends. The moral system is apt to provoke ques-
tions as to whether "you are immaculate your-
self;" "whether you never do anything wrong;"
whether "it would not be better to attend to the
beam in your own eye," &c., and generally to
bring about retorts of the "you're another"
kind. The argumentative treatment generally
ends in what learned people call "logomachy,"
that is, an interminable waste of words without
much expenditure of meaning: fine distinctions
about "white lies," and those of any other
colour; quibblings as to deceptions which are
allowable, and others which are not allowable;
—till finally, amid the surge of phrases, you lose
the distinctions of right and wrong yourself and
are glad to escape from the wordy war in the
quickest manner.

There remains then only one other method,
which we have called the sarcastic, which must
be divided into the malicious, the sneering, and
the genial,—the latter of which we would espe-
cially recommend for the treatment of trifling
pretences of all sorts. We need not say a word
about the malicious and the sneering, for they
are evidently the worst of all. The one is intend-

ed to do an injury, the second to give pain, and
both are more fertile in the way of raising up
enemies than the whole of the other modes put
together. The genial, then, is our choice, and it
only remains to set up some approved formula
as an example of the way in which it is to be
made use of.

"As if you didn't know"—what can be better
than that? The women especially, with that
appreciative tact which so peculiarly charac-
terizes them, have made the phrase ready to
our hand, and established its applicability by
custom. It has often struck us that even if we
must continue to treat crimes and serious errors
with male harshness, if we should treat little
faults and petty foibles with female mildness, we
should, on the whole, be great gainers, and the
effectiveness of this very sentence—"as if you did
not know,"—confirms us in the opinion. Indigna-
tion would not come well from pretty feminine
lips; grave morality, which is apt to become a
little pompous into the bargain, would not sit well
on them; reason and argument would tire the poor
creatures "to death," to use a feminine exaggera-
tion. Malice and sneers would make them look
positively ugly,—and that, even the most favor-
ed cannot afford; but what all these would fail
to do, even if they were tried,—as if you did
not know," said with a merry laugh or a slight
pout, with a blithe glance or a tearful look,
accomplishes as if by magic. First of all, it is
unanswerable. If you really did know, you
cannot get out of it by a side-wind or prevarica-
tion. You must venture on a downright false-
hood, and that you do not like. Next, it implies
such a great deal; it tells you that you did know,
and that somebody else knows you did as well.
Then it makes you aware how flimsy and trans-
parent your disguise is, and how easily the veil
of pretence has been penetrated. Last of all, it
piques you not to be untruthful, but to be better
in future, by the inference that the person who
treats your fib so lightly, and yet with a sly
haughtiness and consciousness of superiority,
does not care very much about it, and thinks it
after all rather your concern than hers. You
may feel humiliated—most likely you will, if
there is any sense in you—but there is no preten-
ce for being angry. Ponderously awkward
excuses, founded upon moral see-saws, are
equally out of place; argument there is no room
for. You cannot well sneer or be malicious, for
that would show soreness, which you would not
like to expose. So the best you can do is to put
up with it unanswered,—which prevents recrimi-
nation,—and promise yourself to be better in
future.

A CANADIAN ADVENTRESS.

That was the name she passed by in 1858-9,
when I had the distinguished honor of the ac-
quaintance of Mrs. Lordly and her charming
daughters, Annie and Carrie. Here in New
York she has still a more aristocratic name,
beginning with a "Le." In 1858, widow Lordly
and her family—two young ladies, two little
girls and a boy—appeared in the city of Hamil-
ton, Canada, where I was temporarily sojourning,
rented a handsome brick house, on a fash-
ionable street, joined a popular church, and,
by their insinuating address, and the elegance
of their receptions, they soon gathered about
them a circle of the most refined and select citi-
zens of a city noted for the exclusiveness of its
society. In the parlors of this family I have
met some of the leading judges and statesmen
of the Province, including the late Sir Allan
McNab, and among their most favored guests
was a Governor General and Lord Elgin, son-in-
law of Sir Allan. For months no reception or
dinner was complete without Madame Lordly
and daughters; but one day there was a great
scandal. A gentleman who had met them in
society often, at the depot in Brantford, a few
miles above Hamilton, one day found Miss
Carrie dressed in tattered, faded garments, beg-
ging assistance, to enable her mother to get to
Nova Scotia, as her husband had deserted her.
Struck with astonishment, he looked again to
see if he was not mistaken. No, that pretty,
child-like face, peering out from beneath an old
faded hood was that of the charming Carrie
Lordly. Keeping well out of her sight he fol-
lowed her on the train to Hamilton, at the Ham-
ilton depot saw the ragged Carrie alight and
slip into an empty coach, carrying a bundle
wrapped in paper. Calling a coach he followed
her to her mother's residence, but was more as-
tonished than ever, when the coach halted at the
door, to find a fashionably dressed lady—the
Carrie he had often guided in the lancers and
waltz emerge and lightly trip up the steps. She
had actually changed her outer garments in the
coach. Before making an explosion in society,
he, with three or four other gentlemen, to whom
he had confided his discovery, investigated the
habits of the family, and found that they were
professional beggars, who lived in style in the city,
under and the excuse of going to Galt, to settle
up some business, the old widow or one of the
girls weekly disappeared on their begging expedi-
tions. I was one of the self constituted com-
mittee to unearth them, and when charged with
their false pretence, they suddenly disappeared.
Three years later, while in my office in a town,
on the St. Lawrence, the widow Lordly, in tattered
raiment, entered the newspaper office
seeking aid to get to her husband's friends in
Nova Scotia. I stepped up, and confronting
her, drove her in shame from the office.

Inquiring of the merchants of the place and
others, I ascertained that she had collected over
\$200 from the Episcopal clergymen, the sheriff,
the county judge and others. She was permit-
ted quietly to leave town (Cornwall), after sur-

rendering letters of recommendation she had
procured from clergymen by false pretences.
One year later, while making a tour of the St.
Lawrence, I found the pretty beggars, Annie
and Carrie Lordly, on a river steamer, the
guests of the captain and his wife, and learned
from the purser that they resided in Ogdens-
burg, N. Y., in an elegant home, and had the
entree of the best society. Saluting the fair
frauds when a moment separated from the cap-
tain's family, with the remark, "How's Miss
Annie and Carrie; not gone to Nova Scotia
yet?" consternation was depicted on every
line of their fair young faces. I could not ex-
pose them then, and render the balance of their
voyage to the Saguenay one of anguish, and
reassured them by the promise that their secret
was safe in my keeping until they were again
at home. Then I informed the captain of their
operations, and they shook the dust of Ogdens-
burg from their feet between sunset and sun-
rise one autumn day. Carrie and Annie, I
learned, were not daughters of the Widow Lord-
ly, but waifs she had adopted and initiated into
the mysteries of begging and confidence. I have
never seen Annie and Carrie since, but the two
little girls of 1858 that Sir Allan McNab and
Lord Elgin used to trot upon their knees, last
winter were reigning belles of this city, wherever
Mrs. LeM—and her daughters had the entree.
Whether M'me Lordly alias LeM—is still
collecting money in the rural towns to enable
her "to take her family to Nova Scotia" I know
not, but I presume the "dear girls" will again
appear in "upper ten" society this winter, if
they have not captivated some susceptible
hearts at the watering places last summer, and
abandoned begging and confidence for cradle-
rocking and singing of nursery rhymes.

LADY ELIZABETH RUSSELL'S GHOST.

The following legend relates to Elizabeth, one
of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cook,
and widow, first of Sir Thomas Hobby, and
afterwards of John, Lord Russell:—

"There is a curious ghost story about Lady
Russell. She was buried at Bisham by the
remains of her first husband, Sir Thomas Hobby,
and in the adjoining mansion still hangs her
portrait, representing her in widow's weeds, and
with a very pale face. Her ghost, resembling this
portrait, is still supposed to haunt a certain
chamber, which is thus accounted for by local
tradition. Lady Russell had by her first husband
a son, who, so unlike herself, had a natural an-
tipathy to every kind of learning, and such was
his obstinate repugnance to learning to write
that he would wilfully blot over his copy-books
in the most slovenly manner. This conduct so
irritated his refined and intellectual mother,
that to cure him of his propensity, she beat him
again and again severely, till at last she beat
him to death. As a punishment for her cruelty,
she is now doomed to haunt the room where the
fatal catastrophe happened; and as her appari-
tion glides through the room it is always seen
with a river passing close before her, in which
she is ever trying, but in vain, to wash off the
blood-stains of her son from her hand. It is re-
markable that about twenty years ago, in alter-
ing a window shutter, a quantity of antique
copy-books were discovered pushed in into the
rubble between the joists of the floor, and one
of these books was so covered with blots, that
it fully answered the description in the story.
There is generally some ground for an old tra-
dition; and certain it is that Lady Russell had
no comfort in her son by her first husband.
Her youngest son, especially, caused her much
trouble, and she wrote to her brother-in-law,
Lord Burleigh, for advice how to treat him. This
may have been the naughty boy who was flog-
ged to death by his mamma, though he seems
to have lived to near man's estate."

SOMETHING TO DO.

If you don't want your son to fall in love with
a pretty face before the beard grows on his own,
give him something to do. Let his mind be oc-
cupied. Employment is the best safeguard, as
well as the best remedy, for that intermittent
fever erroneously called love.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of
cure;" or, to change the figure, it is very easy
to run a locomotive when everything is in run-
ning order, but after a collision it is quite an-
other thing. Take my advice. Put your boy on
the right track, and keep it clear. Ten chances
against one he will go unhurt until he is twenty-
five or thirty; and then—well, you needn't
break your heart because he breaks his! Acci-
dents will happen, you know; they must come,
sooner or later—but later is better. Give him
something to do.

As for your daughter, as soon as she leaves
school her books are thrown aside, and she is
expected at once to identify herself with
household interests, or to become a young lady
of fashion, according to circumstances. Better
the first than the last; but both are wrong.
Give her something to do. True, her little bro-
ther and sister, if she has so blest, may demand
her love and labor; or she may assist her mo-
ther in household matters; or assume the care
her own wardrobe—all of which is very well,
so far as it goes. But it is not the thing.

She misses the daily routine of school life
with its exercise, and occupation, and discipline
of mind. Undoubtedly, she fancies that the
change is delightful; but she is restless and

uneasy. Her life is full of want; her heart full
of longing.

Before you are aware, she falls desperately in
love with some moustached boy; possibly a
harmless, probably a worthless fellow; who,
like herself, had nothing to do.

If not too late, my friend, get that "ounce of
prevention. Should the mischief be already
done, use the "pound of cure." Give her some-
thing to do. Let her keep up a slender course of
study. Give her good books and good papers to
read. If you lack the time or ability to instruct
her, employ a competent teacher; it will pay.
Let her work in the Sunday-school; encourage
her in good works; try to get her interested in
some benevolent enterprise. At all events, give
her something to do.

NEWS NOTES.

MANUEL Pastor, who fired at King Emanuel
in 1872, has escaped from prison.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports that ex-Pres-
ident Castelar had left Madrid, he still remains
there.

THE Intransigent insurrection continues at
Barcelona. There has been considerable fight-
ing in the suburbs.

THE Provinces of Madrid, Avila, Cuenca, Clu-
dadreal, Guadalajara, Segovia and Toledo are
declared in a state of siege.

SPECIAL advices from Cape Coast Castle re-
port that the King of Dahomey has sent heavy
reinforcement to the Ashantees.

THE Dutch troops before achieving their suc-
cess over the Acheenese were twice repulsed,
with a loss of two hundred and forty-one men.

YOUNG Americus, the remarkable young
violinist, retired to rest on Saturday night, the
12th instant, apparently in good health, but died
during the night of heart disease.

THE Captain-General has issued an order to
the Republican volunteers of Madrid directing
them to surrender their arms to-day. All who
disobey will be tried by court-martial.

THE negroes of Boyons, Lafouche and Teche
are on strike, the land owners having resolved
not to pay over \$15 per month; they paid \$20
last year. Large numbers of mounted men go
from place to place, allowing none to work.

IN the French Assembly this afternoon after
a long and violent debate on the Ministry for its
Monarchical tendencies, a vote of confidence in
the Government was adopted by a majority of
58. The Ministers have in consequence with-
drawn their resignations.

THE U.S. flag-ship "Worcester" arrived in Ha-
vana harbor on the 11th. Admiral Scott and
staff have visited Captain-General Jovellar and
the Admiral of the Spanish fleet. Their visits
have been returned, and there have been fre-
quent exchanges of salutes.

CARTAGENA has surrendered, and is now oc-
cupied by Government troops under General
Dominiquez. Upon the capitulation of the city
the Insurgent Junta and liberated convicts went
on board the frigate "Numancia," which was
attacked by a Government squadron.

THE Madrid Ministry have issued a long ma-
nifesto, addressed to the nation, declaring their
objects to be identical with those of the revolu-
tion of 1868. A decree was promulgated to-day
dissolving the Cortes and stating that the elec-
tions for the new body will be held as soon as
order is rendered secure and freedom and uni-
versal suffrage are unhindered.

IN the House, Mr. Hamellin offered an
amendment fixing the salary of the President of
the United States at \$25,000 per annum after
March 4th, 1874; rejected. Yeas, 16; Nays, 43.
Mr. Anthony offered an amendment, that the
provisions of the Act shall not affect the salaries
of the President, Vice-President, members of
the Cabinet, nor any employees of the Senate or
House or other persons named in the third sec-
tion of the Act of March 3rd.

RUMORS are rife of a general strike of miners
throughout the anthracite coal region, and there
is considerable excitement in consequence.
Already a prominent officer of the Miners' and
Laborers' Association stated the miners were
fully prepared for a strike for the entire season,
and under no circumstances will they submit to
a reduction of wages. The operators of this sec-
tion have not asked for a reduction of wages,
but will not consent to make any advance over
the basis of last year.

THE ironclad "Numancia" has arrived at
Merel Kebir, Algeria, with 2,500 Cartagenian
refugees on board. On escaping from Cartagena
she passed five Government men-of-war at the
mouth of the harbour. The refugees on their
arrival surrendered themselves to the French
authorities. Among them are Gens. Contreras
and Galvez and other members of the insurgent
Junta. They declare that the city fell through
the treachery of the commanding officer of the
principal fort.

THE forces of General Zepado, who deposed
the Governor of Coahuila, have again been de-
feated by troops supporting the Legislature, and
Dr. Lila has been elected Governor. The action
took place near Monctova, the capital of the
State, and although a severe engagement, was
not decisive; both parties are still in the field.
The General Government has appointed a Pro-
visional Governor for the State until a new
election can be held. It is supposed that Gene-
ral Fleury with the command of about one
thousand Federal troops and two thousand
National Guards, will be able to prevent further
hostilities.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As through the forest, disarrayed
By chill November, late I strayed;
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude;
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread;
Sweet was the song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
And morning filled their cups with dew.
Thy slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April bowers would fill;
Nor pass its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May;
Thy life shall hail no second dawn,—
Sing, little bird! the Spring is gone.

And I remember—well-a-day!
Thy full-blown Summer roundelay,
As when behind a brodered screen
Some holy maiden sung unseen;
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade! the grove how fair!
Sing, little bird! the woods are bare.

But now the Summer's chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange blooms,
And thou art here alone—alone—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook will still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice,
Ere long the frozen sod shall mock
The plowshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,—
Sing, little bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast, the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep....
The air grows chill; the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done.
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee untold;
The lingering sunset still is bright,—
Sing, little bird! 'twill soon be night.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*.

TOM BRIMS'S INDIAN PRINCES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Very odd things at times have a momentary vogue in Paris. No matter what the triviality may be, if it can only set a certain amount of talk afloat respecting itself, its fortune is made for a number of hours. During a short stay I was making in the gay city before the siege darkened it—when, indeed, no such darkening was thought of—a tradesman's shop-window in the Rue St. — was having a brief success of this kind. Ladies were everywhere going into raptures over a show of shoes to be seen in it. Men talked of the sight in the cafés as earnestly as if it had been a matter of national interest. For two or three days the police had to make special arrangements for the circulation of people on the pavement in front of the shop. The display consisted of a large assortment of slippers specially made for some Indian princes then in the French capital.

"Monsieur must see it," emphatically said a waiter, shrugging his shoulders, presenting the open palms of his hands towards me, and lifting them to a level with his ears, which he brought down to meet them. "It was not possible for a person of taste like Monsieur to leave Paris before going to look. That would be a mistake; it would be a sin; it would be a crime! Such boots had never been seen before! They did glory to France! The great Indian princes would only wear each pair for a single day, and then kick them aside. It was a pity. Yah! Monsieur had no idea what a show could be made of boots; and it was only two, three, four streets away. The man had shown wonderful taste. He was entitled to Monsieur's admiration. Monsieur could not be cruel to the maker, cruel to himself, cruel to everybody, by not seeing them."

I felt that I could not be guilty of cruelty so wholesale. It is true that it turned out, from a question I put, that the waiter had been hard-hearted to that extent: he had not seen the boots! My time was vacant on my hands that evening; I started at once.

When I turned the top corner of the Rue St. — it instantly became apparent that the attractiveness of the show had only been reasonably exaggerated. A little hubbub of voices made itself heard. At the front of moderate-sized premises, about half-way down on the left-hand side, was an excited group, constantly fed by fresh arrivals. All were good-humored, talkative, noisy. By a slow process, I reached the window, I certainly saw a pretty display.

Behind the polished plate-glass, arranged upon a sloping base of delicate gray tint, rows, crescents, rings, triangles of slippers of oriental shape and decoration shone and glowed in all the variety of colored leathers and spangled brocade. There seemed a number sufficient for an army. The grouping of the hues and the systematic arrangement generally, was doubtless an artistic achievement of its kind.

In a little space in front of the window, was moving about the proud, breathless owner of the establishment, a middle-aged Frenchman of very ordinary type, bare-headed, and with his coat sleeves turned back to an extent which, in the case of an English tradesman in like circumstances, would have meant that he was preparing for a pugilistic conflict with the crowd for coming too near his window. Nothing was further from the intention of the Frenchman. He was volubly guiding the admiration of the spectators into the right channels. He unhesitatingly pointed out the merits of his own productions, recounting, with great pomp of gesticulation, and most wonderful pronunciation, the names and titles of his great customers, the Indian princes. Just as the batch of on-lookers, of which I formed one, was moving away to make room for the next, the voices of the three or four gendarmes present were raised in shrill authority. A great sensation ran through the crowd.

The bare-headed master of the shop, flinging his arms aloft frantically, exclaimed sublimely: "They are here!" He rushed forward in the direction of the bustle. A passage was formed to the shop-door, most of the male bystanders raising their hats, as along the narrow lane came three Hindus, clad in turbans and voluminous eastern robes, short scimitars, with jewelled hilts, flashing at their sides. They were the princes coming to pay their bootmaker a visit; perhaps to order another windowful of incomparable slippers.

Suddenly, as I looked, a feeling of amazement seized me. Behind the Indians, himself languidly acknowledging the salutations, as though he considered they were meant partially for him, advanced a more European person.

"That," I heard it whispered around me, "is their interpreter."

But, surely, that familiar, tall, lank figure could only belong to one being in the world; those large, fallow features showing under the gold-braided cap, with its white linen folds of sun-protecting curtain falling on the shoulders, could not be mistaken for any other. The interpreter's gaze met mine. He, too, made a start of recognition. Upon his closing the near blue eye in a rapid wink, there was no longer any possibility of doubt. Unquestionably, it was Tom Brims, late of the same shipping-office with myself in London, who was filling the important and dignified post of interpreter to the Indian princes.

Six months before, he had left the Fenchurch Street premises, owing to not being sufficiently appreciated by the heads of the establishment. It was, in fact, at their instance that he departed, to reside with a maiden aunt living somewhere in France. He severed himself from his desk in the best of spirits, making his exit with perfect self-possession, and not without a certain grace; but he had had much experience previously in going through the performance, both at home and abroad. Educated for the Indian service, Tom Brims had gone out to the East; but he reappeared in London in a period of time which could not be considered long, taking into account the distance. The explanation he gave was, that a Hindu potentate wished to adopt him as his successor; but that the governor-general of India enviously objected. After this, his stay in India, he said, was made so uncomfortable by intrigues, that he left for England. I will confess that we had thought Tom Brims was in part romancing; here, however, he was with these great Hindu chiefs.

He paused, and solemnly lifting his finger, called to me in some gibberish, such as we had used in Fenchurch Street, and which I knew to mean that he would meet me in five minutes in a shop on the opposite side of the way. The crowd, on seeing and hearing me thus addressed gave way very respectfully around me. Hats were lifted; a way was indicated for me to advance. I had presence of mind to bow to those making a road for me: availing myself of it, I crossed the pavement, and, rather diffidently, passed just within the doorway of the shop. There, in less than the five minutes, Tom Brims came to me.

"You unbelieving wretch," were his first words, "didn't I always tell you and the other fellows in the office I should make a fortune some day? I did not make one in India when I was there, I know—more fool I was for it; but I shan't be a simpleton this time. Their mahogany Highnesses here are rolling in the rupees I have a lac of—ha! ha!—I mean to make more than a lac of it."

I grasped Tom's hand, congratulating him, although I hardly knew how to address him, he was so changed altogether, looking so grand in his gold-lace and semi-uniform.

The bootmaker, having discovered that as the princes knew not a word of French, he was wasting his volubility in the absence of Tom here came smilingly towards us, and reminded him, in the politest way, that he was needed by their Highnesses.

Tom lightly waved him off with his hand. He said aside to me in English: "Let them wait. They could not stir a yard without me. I have got them under my thumb completely. They come from Upper India, right away from the known parts, and there is not a man within thousands of miles of us at his moment

who could tell a word they say." He went on to add that it was the luckiest thing in the world. He was on the quay at Marseille when they landed. The interpreter they had brought with them was, poor fellow, killed on the spot by falling headlong into a dock, where a vessel crushed him. He himself stepped forward was of much service to them, and was appointed straightway.

I told him how delighted I was at his good fortune, but I must not detain him. The fellows in the office, I assured him, would be equally glad of the news. I was taking my leave. His large features relaxed into a grin, deepening into a chuckle: then, instantly, he put on a most tremendous frown. "It would never do," he muttered, "for them to see him laughing. If I keep them waiting any longer," he continued, "when they get back to the hotel, they'll run their swords through two or three of the poor wretches of their suite. Nobody could hurt them for it, as they are travelling under Amdassadors' Law. I'll stop, if you like."

"You must come to me at the hotel," he added; "come at six o'clock. There will be time for a little chat. We are going to one of the minor theatres to-night; we shall go to the Grand Opera when we come back to Paris from London. They are in a sort of incognito till they reach England, for fear of offending the Indian Secretary."

He gave me a card of the hotel; taking it, I hastily made my way on into the street, amazed at the coolness with which Tom Brims sauntered towards those fierce magnates.

At six o'clock that evening, instead of being at Tom Brims's hotel, I was some fifty miles away from Paris, hastening on the railway route to Calais on my way for England. The re-extension of my holiday had run out, and I knew that if I had any dispute with my principals in Fenchurch Street I could not hope to tumble into an interpretership to great Indian nabobs. If there was no other reason, I did not know any eastern language, which was perhaps sufficient. I did not choose to take up Brims's invaluable time, by explaining this; but before quitting Paris, I posted a letter to him stating it. It was great news I was taking back to the London office. The clerks were only a little less amazed at it, second-hand, than I was in the first instance. Business in the office, I fear, suffered from our watching the newspapers from day to day for the arrival of the great personages in this country.

The intimation was found in the *Times* on the morning of the fourth day. It appeared among the parliamentary intelligence. A well-known honorable member, who devotes himself mainly to showing that whatever relates to India, no matter how it is done, is grossly mismanaged, had indignantly asked the Indian minister in the House of Commons, on the previous evening, whether it was true that the hospitality of the country was to be again disgraced, by their Highnesses, the Indian princes, just upon the point of landing on our shores, not being received in some special way befitting their rank and authority?

The minister, in reply, said every attention would be paid to the distinguished visitors. But at present, their Highnesses had not officially notified their wishes. In Paris, they had preserved a kind of incognito: it was not known what their desires as to publicity might be. Owing to an accident which it was understood befell their interpreter, an offer of services had been tendered to the princes by the English Embassy in Paris; but it had been replied by their Highnesses, that they had the adequate aid of an eminent Englishman in that capacity.

Our office startled the whole premises, from basement to roof, by a round of cheers. The eminent Englishman could be no other than Tom Brims. He had achieved fame; he had been alluded to in the British Parliament. It calmed our excitement a little in the course of the morning to carve an inscription upon the desk which had had the honor in former times of propping his elbows, and on which he had momentarily rested the pewter pot containing his stout. Each one of us, by means of our penknives, contributed a word in turn. The composition stated that "T. Brims, Esq., the eminent Englishman alluded to in parliament by the Indian minister, on the evening of the sixteenth of July, as the able interpreter of their Highnesses the Indian princes then visiting Europe, once labored at that obscure desk."

The junior member of the firm—for such a thing as this was not to be kept a secret from the principals—said we had made a mistake in the last word but four of the inscription. It was inaccurate, he said, to assert that Brims had "labored" at that desk.

But Tom Brims's fellow-clerks did him what feeble honor they could, in return for the greater honor he had conferred on them and on the office. As soon as we learned that the princes had arrived in London, and were located at Claridge's, we made business bend to higher consideration. We arranged for a collective attendance in front of that hotel at an early hour on the following morning. We there patiently awaited the issuing forth of their Highnesses for the day's sight-seeing. By using our elbows, and by letting it be known among the group assembled there, that we were friends of the great interpreter, we got front places. It happened exactly as I had foretold to the clerks. The three bejewelled chieftains, their visages sallower, their dark eyes fiercer even than in Paris, came out with a stately shuffle; then followed Tom Brims, this time without the white linen curtain to his hat, doubtless in compliment to his native climate; and, after him, three or

four Hindus of humble dress and appearance belonging to the suite. At the sight of Tom Brims, his old associates, drawing closer together in a semicircle, swung their hats into the air, giving a loud hurrah in his honor.

It was misunderstood by the princes. They stopped short; the eldest, whose swarthy countenance became of a sickly pallor, drew his flashing scimitar half-way out of its jewel-enamelled sheath. I am ashamed to say there was a panic. The clerks fled, and so did the rest of the group whom the clerks had not knocked sprawling over in the first impulsive effort. These prostrate individuals a policeman on duty there judiciously attacked, saying, as he vigorously used his stick: "Do you think as their Highnesses is used to such rows as we have to put up with?"

As for myself, I had a justification for going quickly into the middle of the road. Brims had told me of the habit the princes had of turning their displeasure upon their servants. I had no wish that even two or three Hindus should perish for me. But their Highnesses rallied. The impression that it was a plot to assassinate them, passed away. The scimitar was restored to its hiding, unstained by blood, and the princes got into their carriages. Tom Brims had recognised us. His blue eye closed in rapid succession several times. He had to enter one of the vehicles, but, before doing so, he came to the back of the carriage, beckoning to him one of us, the least far away. He left a message, saying that all was right; we should hear from him.

We did more than hear from Tom; we saw him; we feasted with him. His greatness had neither turned his head, nor spoiled his heart. On the following night, when he managed to get two hours of leisure, he entertained us at a hotel in Fleet Street in a manner which would have done no discredit to the princes, if they, instead of their interpreter, had themselves been the givers of the banquet. Behind Tom Brims's chair, squatted a turbaned servant whom he had brought with him: not to wait upon him, for the Hindu knew nothing of our habits. Brims must have brought him as a specimen. It had a great effect, since, whenever Tom addressed him in queer-sounding words, the servant went down on his hands and knees to reply. In his reply to our compliments in drinking his health, he graciously wished he could make all our fortunes as easily as his own had been made. But it was impossible. His influence over the princes, though it may be considerable, must not be over-estimated. All that he could do would be to make a post on their Highnesses' staff for one of us, by way of showing what he wished he could have done for all of us. His own duties were too much for him. What with messengers from the Indian Office, and calls from peeresses and ladies of fashion, who wanted the princes for lions, he was greatly over-worked. If some one of us would not consider it derogatory to act for a time as his secretary, he had no doubt that on asking their Highnesses they would make the appointment. As to remuneration, our hopes must be moderate. He could not hold out a prospect of more than—say, £200 or £250 a month during the princes' stay, with a handsome present at the close.

Everybody was attacked with a fit of modesty. They said it was too much.

"Nay," answered Brims; "It is only their cashing one diamond more. See, this is how the prince's say!" He threw down upon the table three loose stones of large size, and which, only half-cut as they were, glinted and coruscated in the gas-light. Putting them carelessly back into his waistcoat pocket, after our awed examination of them, he added, that it would be difficult for him to make a selection from among us—to choose who his secretary should be. We must give him a little time to think about it. It would have to be a kind of lottery.

When Tom Brims left, which he did amidst the most vociferous cheering, I, in pursuance of a signal he made to me, went with him, the others being left to continue the entertainment. If any of them were indulging hopes of the secretaryship, they were doomed to disappointment. As soon as we were in the cab, the turbaned servant being outside on the box with the driver, Tom put his hand heavily on my shoulder, and said: "You are the man! It is only fair; you had the start of the others. You picked me up in Paris, you know."

I was overwhelmed. I told him that, owing to his friendship, my luck was going to be second only to his own.

Tom took me with him into the hotel. Their Highnesses were in their rooms, as was sufficiently betokened by the rich odor of strange aromatic drugs, mingled with the scent of fine powerful tobacco, with which the atmosphere was heavy. The apartments were a handsome suite in the ordinary way, no doubt, but just then they had an untidy, makeshift look, owing to all the European furniture, with the exception of a stray couch and an odd chair in a corner, having been removed. Thick cushions placed on gay carpet-covered mattresses here and there did not quite make up, in my unaccustomed eyes, for the absence of more furniture. It too much resembled the last night in a house from which you were fitting, or else the first in which you had just arrived, before the household belongings were unpacked. Tom Brims passed into the innermost room for an audience with the nabobs. Several dark-skinned, melancholy-eyed figures, looking very mysterious in their long tucked-up robes, glided noiselessly in and out, never failing deeply to salaam to me in passing. I was embarrassed;

to merely nod back seemed such a very poor acknowledgment of their elaborate ceremonial performance.

When Tom came back to me, he had a great bundle of open letters and documents in his hand. He was in ill-humor, and he made the Hindu attendants know it by the strength of the language he indulged in. They only bent still lower before him—growing meeker, if it were possible.

"I know that expense matters nothing to them," said Tom, having sketched the natives from the room; "but it is the childishness of the thing that vexes me. I find in the Exhibition, this morning, they bought thirteen carriages." He flourished the accounts for them openly in his hand, his voice and eyes not quite free of the traces of the banquet we had come from. "Thirteen! If they had bought, say, three, well and good; but no; they go in for above a dozen. I say, it is ridiculous."

I tried to soothe him.

"But," he persisted, "if they go on purchasing as they have done in Paris and here, there won't be shipping enough in all the ports of Britain to convey the things to Bombay."

I waited while he hastily docketed the papers, finally stowing them away in a travelling-desk. That done, he turned about, and clapped his hands, which startled me as much as our English cheer the day before had scared the nabobs. He grimly smiled, pointing, by way of explanation, to a crouching attendant, who had instantly appeared in the doorway in answer to the summons.

In the course of a little confidential conversation which followed, Tom explained to me the princes' plans. He said they would leave London the day after to-morrow, for a short time. They were sensible people in their own way, he said, if they did not fool their money away so. They had determined to get through their business before giving themselves up to pleasure. One chief object of their visit was to get really to know what England was, and, with that view, they intended going down to Manchester, and from thence to Liverpool. Then, having made their observations in the manufacturing and commercial centres, they would return to the metropolis for a round of festivities among the grandees. "Then," said Brims, "we shall show you what Indian splendor is. That is," he added hollowly, and with a rapid change of face, "if we are all spared."

He repeated his grave reflection more than once; a kind of melancholy progressively overpowered him.

"I fear," said he, "that from present appearances a coroner's inquest will have to be held." Utterly bewildered, I begged him to explain himself.

"Pull me up," he answered. "When I sat down here, I had forgotten the length of my legs. We will go out, and I'll tell you all."

After I had helped him up, and he had stretched his cramped limbs into use again, we went down into the street.

"I think," said Tom, "your stipend ought to be more than the paltry sum I mentioned, because I fear it won't last long. In a certain number of days, I expect they will every one be starved to death."

What could I do but doubt my own ears. "In a land of plenty!" I exclaimed.

"They got rid of their cook in Paris," he said with a groan.

"Well, what of that?" I asked; "why don't they get another cook?"

"That shows how little you know of India and the Indians," he answered. "There is not another cook for them within ten thousand miles. You might just as well tell them to get another interpreter."

I ventured to say that some of the other servants could make shift in that way surely.

"I did not know that you were so perfectly ignorant," said Tom. "That is the result of your ignorance of Indian superstitions. If these princes tasted a morsel not cooked by a man of the right caste, they would be lost for ever—at least, they believe so. They will perish of hunger first, I can tell you. They are living now on some rice-cakes that happened to be baked ready, eked out with opium and tobacco-smoke. But they cannot do that long. I want to get them down to Manchester as quickly as I can, for I believe there is a little colony of Brahmins there, and they may get a mouthful of food."

I could not help turning about to look up at the hotel windows, in wonder, thinking of these eastern potentates, rolling in diamonds, yet sitting there in the midst of great, noisy, heedless London, starving on account of a religious scruple. What suggestion was it possible for anybody to make in such case as that? Tom, speaking in sepulchral tones, said:

"Let us hope something will turn up at Manchester to keep them alive. You must get leave of absence from Fenchurch Street; they will never stand in the way of your making a little fortune in a few weeks. I'll push the figures up high enough for it to be worth your while whatever happens."

Tom Brims, after this unburdening of his mind, quickly recovered his spirits. It was no fault of his, he said, that the princes were such fanatics. When I parted from him, I went home, and dreamt all night, in slightly varying forms, that the wealth of India was mine, and that there was not a cook to be had, and that I had nothing but unboiled diamonds to eat.

CHAPTER II.

I got a letter from Brims on the Wednesday after this, stating that the princes had assented to his request, and had duly made my appoint-

ment. He added a sentence which alone rendered the other news of much value. "Their Highnesses," he wrote, "got something to eat in Manchester." It would not have been of any great avail to receive an appointment from men who were to expire of inanition five minutes afterwards. The firm in Fenchurch Street, on my representing my case to them, said they would not stand in the way of my making a fortune much faster than they had any hope of doing. I might take some weeks' absence, short as was the time since my last holiday. The junior partner satirically remarked, "that he only feared they should lose my valuable services altogether, owing to the Bank of England wishing to make me a governor on my return to town a millionaire." I put the sneer into my pocket, into which I hoped soon to put something else far more valuable.

It was in one of the great Yorkshire towns that I came up with Tom Brims and the distinguished oriental visitors.

"We have turned aside here before going on to Liverpool," explained Brims, "because the princes want forty thousand caps, or hats, you would call them, of a peculiarly light fabric, for their people at home, and it is only here they can get them."

"Forty thousand!" I could not help repeating it. Everything with them seemed to be on the scale of the "Arabian Nights."

"Yes," he ill-temperedly continued, "they are going on in the way of ordering just as they did at Paris and in London. In Manchester they bought calico right and left; enough for all India, you would think. They are like big children; they want to buy everything they see. Even nabobs can't afford to keep up this style of thing. But it is of no use my trying to check it. The only thing to be said on the other side is, that their living won't cost them much. They are on short commons again since leaving Manchester. I could have got a make-shift cook for them there, but some of their high-caste nonsense came in; they would neither consent to it, nor see any of the Hindus in the place. They are feeding on their pipes, and little or nothing else. At Liverpool, they may be able to beg another mouthful or two."

The great rank of the Hindus had not been specially promulgated, but our presence made some stir among the inhabitants. Whenever we left the hotel, we were accompanied by a group of women and children, the faces of the former peeping out of shawls thrown over their heads, in lieu of bonnets. They all clattered along in clogs, like the Lancashire people. The men in the streets stopped to grin at the unfamiliar procession we made. It was a relief to think that the broad vernacular they spoke was not intelligible to the scimitar-bearing potentates before us, for some of the criticisms offered upon their appearance were not complimentary. The Yorkshiremen seemed to think it was preposterous and ludicrous that they did not wear good broad-cloth and chimney-pot hats, like other male creatures having the money to buy them. The town officials and the leading manufacturers better appreciated foreign peculiarities, and the advantages of cultivating amity with possible customers. Invitations to visit the leading mills and other places of interest were kindly pressed upon the princes. A number of these were accepted. For men living upon smoke, they got through an astonishing amount of work of this kind. Late in the afternoon their Highnesses went to inspect a large handsome hall used for public purposes.

I staid a few minutes behind at the last warehouse visited in order to see to the right directing of some patterns which had been presented to the princes as specimens of Yorkshire manufactures. Just as I reached the building whither they had gone, a series of most fearful yells resounded within. I hastened through a doorway into a large room, where I instantly saw, from the long lines of snowy tables, duly set out with glittering glass and flashing cutlery, a public dinner was pending. But all my powers of observation were speedily concentrated on the frantic gestures of a black-coated, white-neckerchief waiter, who was wildly flourishing his napkin, as also his arms and legs in front of the chief cross-table. At the other side of the table sat the youngest of the three princes, his dark blazing eye resting on the waiter, as he silently went on helping himself from the principal dishes.

"Help, help!" the waiter was shouting, among his inarticulate yelling. "We shall all be ruined. There is only one apricot left for the high sheriff. Hoo! that is gone now. Help, help! Roger, Willie, Sarah, were are you? We shall never get over this disgrace."

Hurrying up, I put my hand on his shoulder, trying to control him by a whisper that it was one of their Highnesses. He was in such a fury that he either would not or could not listen.

"Now he has spoiled the best sweetmeat there is. I shall certainly be discharged; we shall all lose our characters for ever."

His Highness, keeping his glittering eye upon his vituperator, and taking no heed of me, had greatly altered the look of a very ornate piece of confectionery. Attacking it with his fingers, he was carrying it to his mouth by the handful.

"See how he eats with his paws!" roared the waiter.

There were loud voices, and a noise advancing behind us. Several under-waiters and women-assistants came rushing up the hall. Behind them, stepping in from the doorway, I was relieved to see Tom Brims's tall form, the other princes with their servants being visible in the back ground.

The head-waiter had caught sight of them.

He lost all vestige of control. "There is more of 'em," he yelled. Here is a 'Christy Minister!' has come and sat in the chairman's chair, and eaten the high sheriff's apricots; and the rest o' the gang is coming to finish us up. Police! Where are the police?" Not waiting for the arrival of the police, he got fast hold of his Highness's robe, and to it clung, lying across the table.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Tom Brims and myself, even with the aid of three gentlemen accompanying the party, who ran to our help, could extricate his Highness from the waiter's clutch. So soon as we did, the prince's hand went to the hilt of his scimitar. But we restrained him. His nostrils dilating from anger, he, with a dignified strut, joined the other excited Hindus, wiping upon his capacious sleeve the traces of the fruit and sweetmeats.

It was in vain the gentlemen with us tried to explain matters.

"We shall be rained in the eyes o' the public," persisted the head waiter, letting his head emerge from the recovered napkin, in which he had wrapped it. "The newspapers will be down on us without mercy, as they allus is. Didn't they say the last time as the dinner wasn't worth sneezing at, becoss we was under-handed, which I don't say wasn't in part true. But this time we have got twelve more helps, and now the reporters 'll say we served nothing for dessert up to the high sheriff's table but raw potatoes." He danced round and round on the floor in a fury, and again wrapped his head in the napkin, to hide his grief and shame.

The last words I heard him utter, as we were passing out, the princes walking as stately as ever, were these: "Not Christy's Minstrels? No; their manners are worse!"

This was a great scandal. It appeared that the youngest prince, the promptings of whose appetite must have become irresistible at sight of the banquet spread out, had, unobserved, quitted the gallery where the party were having shown to them a great organ, which was one of the local marvels. Going down below, he had proceeded some way in helping himself to the fruits and other dainties before he was noticed by any one, with the result of very considerably disfiguring the arrangements of the sheriff's table.

The matter was made the best of by those immediately concerned. Large presents of fruit were sent to their Highnesses' hotel by some of the leading townsmen, by way of indicating English hospitality. But Tom Brims himself, I think, was not sorry when, early the next day, we got ready to quit the town for Liverpool. One last pang of humiliation we had to endure at the railway station.

It had, somehow, got to be known that their Highnesses were leaving, and a large and miscellaneous crowd was in and about the station, which was adjacent to the hotel. So soon as the princes had passed each successive group of shawl-huddled women and broad-grinning men, loud laughter rang forth, while apples and oranges, some of them having deep, wide marks of bites already in them, were conspicuously held aloft. From every quarter their Highnesses were asked in the broadest dialect if they'd "like a bolle."

It was a great relief when the train glided out of the dingy, squalid-looking town into the pleasant scenery of the country, and we were on our way to Liverpool—although, if I had then known what awaited us there, that certainly would not have been my feeling.

Fortunately, at Liverpool an Indian cook was obtained. The princes took up their quarters at one of the leading hotels, but their presence did not attract much attention in the great port. Foreigners have about as much novelty there as they have in London. Some compliments were offered them by the authorities, but their Highnesses kept much aloof. It was only in reference to the shipping that they availed themselves of the courtesies. They paid repeated visits to the docks and piers, seemingly, in their own gloomy way, much interested in the splendid river and the busy scenes it shows.

But if they were enjoying Liverpool, Tom Brims was not doing so; his health and temper were both falling him together. I could not but notice his manner becoming very strange. Both in the hotels and out of it he would unexpectedly stand, pale, haggard, worn before me, and strike his forehead with his hand; then he would spread out bundles of accounts which he took indiscriminately from any of his pockets. Invoices, bills, accounts, stuck out all over him—fresh supplies being brought by the post before he could docket, enter, and put away the last lots.

"I have been expecting them to want to buy a Cunard steamer or two, or some other trifle of that kind, since they have been here," he bitterly said, in a talk with me on the second day. "Luckily, ships are the only speciality there is in this place. But we shall be in money difficulties as it is before we get away. Some diamonds ought to have been cashed before we left London. The treasurer has no money left in his bag. I told you they are like big children. It is of no more use trying to make them understand business than it would be trying to leap over the Mersey. Because I said last night the accounts must be paid, for some of them were coming in twice and three times over, the old one's moustache went up to his eyebrows. I expected he would have run an attendant or two through on the spot. But I mean to return to it this evening, if he kills every one of them." He added that he should tell all three of them that it was the first time

accounts for hundreds and thousands of pounds had had to be sent in to him over again—which was no doubt true.

I begged him not to be rash. He said he did not mean to be, but he would not lose his character for punctuality of payment for all the princes in India. It was delightful to hear him talk; he preached a lay sermon on prompt settlements. It might entail some loss, he said, to sell diamonds in Liverpool, London being the right market; but that was their bad management, not his.

That night a critical scene took place. I had been formally introduced to their Highnesses in Yorkshire—that is to say, Tom had presented me, and they had each looked me through with their dark eyes, not one of them uttering a word on the occasion. Understanding no syllable of their language, direct communication with them by me was out of the question; in fact, except when making one of the processions out of doors, I had not been in their presence for five minutes at a time. But Tom insisted upon my accompanying him into the inner room for this interview, giving me a great bundle of accounts by way of pretext.

As in London, the apartments had been rearranged, that is, in fact, disarranged, stripped, suitably to their own customs. For some reason, they had the gas turned only half-way on. There, in the dimness, they sat each upon his own cushioned carpet, the eldest prince occupying the centre, wreaths of smoke of an odd foreign fragrance going up from their hookahs.

Tom Brims, addressing the central figure, made a speech. It was lengthy, for although he came to a pause several times, no answer was vouchsafed to him. He had to go on again. The three muffled-up squat forms stirred not a fold of their white robes, moved not a wrinkle of their impassive faces. I could not understand what Tom was saying, as he spoke in their language, but I could tell that he was talking of the accounts, for he referred to them. Towards the close, he displayed a long list of copied figures, showing the total of the indebtedness, so far as it was then known. Suddenly, at the recital of the figures, a grim smile shone on the swarthy features of the elder prince; his gleaming eyes turned to his companions on either side. The smile and the flashing look were reflected in the visages of the other princes. With one and the same action they put aside their pipes. At a signal in which they all seemed to join, like clockwork, two attendants who were in the room glided to the doorway, and drew close over it a curtain suspended there. The elder prince tilted his head a little back, but kept his eyes, which were now positively burning in their brilliancy, fixed on Tom Brims, as he deliberately, distinctly, musically said: "You do well to press so. We know that you English are very honest. Do not you come to India and teach it us?"

Tom Brims had begun to stagger back at the first word he heard. He kept up a staggering retreat upon me, as if each sentence was a blow dealt to him. He had some reason. This taciturn figure, which always when addressed in its own native tongue, had up to this time answered only in monosyllables, had suddenly opened its mouth in the purest English. But the wonder continued. The speaker's grayist moustache curled like a snake.

"Cash our diamonds? It is well we have any. Your masters have left us few in the land. India shone with them before they came, but it is darkening fast. It is like your streets in the morning, the lamps being put out one by one. Pay, you say? Yes. Have they paid so promptly? You flourish our little accounts in our faces; but where is India's bill to present to England? At what figure shall we put down each province she has seized? Value for us the blood you English have shed in oceans. You could not, rich as you are, pay that account, if we could offer it."

Brims was finely brought up in his retreat by coming into contact with me, I had only entered a couple of paces within the doorway. He turned a white face towards me, gasping forth: "They can talk English better than I can!"

I was perfectly amazed.

Another voice struck in: "It would not befit us to be without an interpreter." Which of the other princes gave this explanation, I did not distinctly hear. The articulation was not so distinct as in the former utterances.

A moment's silence followed. Then the central figure spoke again: "You have been too bold;" the eyes blazed towards Tom Brims; "but it is your first offence." Again the moustache curled itself. "It would be a pity that one with such good habits of prompt payment should have thus broken down the least in the world. Get all the accounts in readiness for noon to-morrow." Putting his hand to his girdle, the prince significantly lifted, from a fold in his robe, one end of a long purse, and shook it. It gave forth a sharp, thin, rattling sound: doubtless they were diamonds. "Schedule everything in clear order; you now have help," nodding towards me. "But pray, see that in this so prompt, so punctual paying, so honest England, the charges are not more than a reasonable amount higher than they would be if we were not foreigners and princes." The prince sitting on the right hand here muttered something in a very low tone. "In the morning," resumed the elder, "we will do without your services till noon, that you may have time to see the percentages are right."

The simultaneous handling of three long pipes told us that we were dismissed. Brims did not linger for a moment; I need not say that I followed him as closely as possible. The attendants

raised the door-curtain for us live mechanical figures.

Tom Brims seized my arm as soon as we got into the other room. "They have all the time understood my remarks aside to you, my jokes, all the purposed blunders I made about them," he whispered. "It is very strange, but I know that young native princes in India are sometimes well taught in foreign tongues. Yet, who could have expected this?" He was overwhelmed and chap-fallen. The discovery that he had been interpreting where no interpreter was needed, completely demoralized him. What he said he spoke in a whisper, as if afraid of being overheard. He could not rest under the roof; nor, after we went out-of-doors, did he seem to feel quite safe till we had got some distance away from the hotel. We walked up and down Castle Street. In the end, we found our way to the great landing-stage by the river-side, thronged with crowds of passengers embarking and alighting from the ferry steamers, and by loungers promenading. There he found his voice.

"It does not surprise me," he said, with a hollow laugh. "They are snakes—all natives are. You never know where you are with these fellows. As soon as I have gone through the accounts with them to-morrow noon, I must think what I ought to do. Those three diamonds they gave me in London, I think I ought to return. But you must stop with them, old fellow; " meaning me. "You will do just as well with them as myself, now we know they understand English." Blushing scarlet, he said: "Confound them! Who would have thought it? But it isn't you they have made a fool of and insulted." He pulled out his pocket-book, containing the partially cut diamonds. He repeated that he should give them back; he would show them that Englishmen were not to be treated in that way.

"If you have more diamonds than you like to keep, captain," broke in a man at his elbow, in a pilot-jacket and a sou'wester cap, "you will find plenty who'll oblige you by taking a few off your hands. I would not mind one myself, by way of a favor." Grinning, he mockingly held out his hand.

Tom Brims had lost his senses. He was for getting into an argument with this strange man on the crowded pier, beginning to tell him about the princes. It was with difficulty I urged him away, and led him in and out of the bustling groups, up the resounding iron bridge. I told him he must make allowances for their Highnesses, what he had said about prompt payments to them was perhaps too harsh. The more I tried to soothe him, the more furious he became.

It was late when he returned to the hotel, for Tom would prepare himself for revisiting it by first calling at two or three others. The rooms of their Highnesses, who invariably kept good hours, were closed; but two of the native attendants were drowsily awaiting us. Tom, in his increased excitement, was very rude to them. Lifting his voice high enough to penetrate the other close-curtained apartments, he bawled to the attendants, that if they thought an Englishman was to be made a fool of for a handful of paltry diamonds, they were mistaken. They placed their palms upon their foreheads, meekly bowing themselves unto the floor. Tom told them, that, if they did not get up, he would kick them into a more manly attitude. I was very glad to get him into his own bedroom.

On the following morning, he had a little recovered his wits. He said he had thought things over. He should remain with the princes till they returned to London. He had brought them down into the provinces, and he would see them safe back; but once they were again in the capital, the Indian Office might take the responsibility of them. He had been insulted enough. The wealth of India should not bribe him to do what was derogatory to an Englishman. He was not going to weaken Her Majesty's hold over the empire in that way. Now that Tom Brims had become a little more reasonable, their Highnesses seemed themselves to have taken to sulking. It was past their usual hour for stirring, still they remained invisible. A little group of their servants crouched, noiseless, motionless, before the inner door, patiently waiting for the signal to enter. After lounging about for some time, Tom seemed to construe the delay into a fresh insult. By way of showing that he had a proper spirit, he started out for a walk in the town, leaving me to assort a fresh batch of accounts, brought by that morning's post.

I think rather more than an hour had elapsed, when I heard a hasty yet light footstep enter the room in which I was writing. Turning my head, I saw Brims with a newspaper in his hand. His face was of the most sickly hue, and the way in which he distorted his features into a ghastly grin only made his look more startling.

"Are their Highnesses stirring?" he asked in a thin, hollow chuckle, looking eagerly towards the inner door. This is a London newspaper—just come in," flourishing it towards me. "It is an excellent joke. The princes will all laugh at it."

I dropped my pen in the middle of a very large total, getting up and going towards him. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"The princes are made to be—ha, ha!—in two places at once. A *Times* telegram says they have landed at Marseille. Isn't it good? There, where I met them. Was there ever anything so ridiculous? Ha, ha! I must show it them." He addressed himself, in their own language, to the servants crouching before the inner door. They could not tell him what he wanted; in reply, they shook their heads. His whiteness increased;

drops of perspiration started on his large features. Bidding me come with him, he undemonstrously pushed them aside.

The atmosphere of the inner room was as hot as a furnace when we entered; the gaslights were burning just as they were overnight. On each of the three carpets lay a turbaned white heap. Tom, holding his newspaper before him, advanced towards the central figure, bowing respectfully. He went nearer, nearer still; he stooped, and touched the prince.

"As I live, it is true!" he called out, holding up a white robe with no prince in it.

It was the same with the other carpets. A flowing robe and the coils of an endless turban lay upon each; but the garments were unoccupied. The princes had vanished!

The hotel was in an uproar instantly at the alarm Tom made. The premises were searched thoroughly; but, as it was clear, from subsequent information, that their Highnesses left the hotel one by one, during the absence of Tom Brims and myself on the previous evening, it ceased to be wonderful that they were not to be found.

In a very short time after this, Tom Brims, I, and the five native servants forming the *suite* were in the hands of the Liverpool police, in pursuance of instructions received from London, on the charge of aiding in the imposition. Tom Brims's princes were not the real ones; they were not princes at all! The true Indian princes, who, with much pomp, had just now reached Europe, had come down to Bombay three months before to make the previously announced journey, but, at the last moment of embarking, one of them seized with a sudden illness, making an immediate return up country necessary. The daring impostors, who had been years resident in Upper India and acquired the language, called for Marseille, and there assumed their Highnesses' names and titles, carrying out the rest of the programme, but giving it a commercial turn, which the real princes had not dreamed of. They must have had accomplices who never appeared with them publicly. These had not only informed them of the movements of the great personages they were counterfeiting, but had travelled on their heels from place to place, and, armed with due authorisations to that effect, had possessed themselves of the unpaid stores of goods of all kinds, removing them, and turning them into money elsewhere at any sacrifice. A very handsome sum had been realised: though doubtless it would have been still more if the genuine nabobs had deferred their arrival a little longer.

The impostors had managed, not unskillfully, to wind up their bold scheme at Liverpool, where foreigners of all complexions and styles were in plenty, and where there were such facilities for getting out of the country. No traces of them could be found; it was not likely. If Tom Brims and myself had met them in any other costume than robes and turbans, the chances are we could not have sworn to them.

I don't care to dwell upon the indignities Tom Brims and I had to go through. He surrendered his three diamonds to the authorities at once: which, upon being tested, were duly pronounced to be paste! Eight days elapsed before I sheep-facedly crept into the office in Fenchurch Street; it was nearly a month before Tom Brims was allowed to leave England and to rejoin his maiden aunt in France. Nothing could be satisfactorily made out of the five natives. Whether they were in the secret affair or not, was never known. After they had been detained here for some time, they were reshipped back to Bombay.

It cost us clerks in the Fenchurch Street office one shilling and twopence-halfpenny apiece to have, unknown to the principals, a new mahogany top fitted to the desk Brims had once occupied. But even now there are reminders of the matter. The junior member of the firm, in sauntering through our room, will sometimes say: "I thought there was an inscription somewhere here to an eminent Englishman who became interpreter to Indian princes!"

Instead of any explanation being given, silence reigns at all the desks, broken only by the more rapid scratching of the pens upon the paper. It is not a pleasant topic, Tom Brims's Indian Princes.

GLOVES.

Master Slender, when asked by Falstaff if Pistol had picked his pocket, exclaims, "Aye, by these gloves did he, by these gloves." Now, no less an authority than Jonathan Oldbuck tells us that it was a custom to pledge a glove as a sign of irrefragable faith. Nor have we far to seek the reason of this. The hand has been long deemed a symbol of power. By it, in the old Teutonic laws, property was claimed or delivered, and a bargain struck. What then more natural than the transfer to its covering what pertained to the hand? Thus it was that, in the ages of chivalry, gage of battle was given by an exchange of gloves. By-the-bye, this custom held good in law even as late as the nineteenth year of this century. This fact was made patent by the brother and heir of a young woman challenging by glove to "the appeal of death" a man who had been legally acquitted of her murder. After much expenditure of forensic breath the duel was stopped, and the law which gave it sanction repealed. Even now, however, at the coronation of our sovereign, it is the place of the head of the Dymoke family, in fulfilment

of a duty imposed by William the Conqueror on the holders of the manor of Scrivelsby and the castle of Tamworth, to ride into Westminster Hall, after the second course of the inauguration banquet, and, casting down his glove three different times, to challenge all to single combat who dare to impugn the title of the wearer of the crown. Nor is this the only part which the glove plays in the coronation; for then the Duke of Norfolk is bound to present his sovereign with one for the right hand, which must be put on before the sceptre with the cross and the orb are received from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

We may here mention that etiquette does not permit civilians to wear gloves in the presence of royalty. Covered heads and hands are both deemed discourteous. This no doubt arose from the fact that when might was the main arbiter of right, a man would show full confidence in his companions by laying aside his helmet and gauntlets. This explanation is too simple for some. They have, therefore, puzzled their brains to find one more recondite and so more flattering to their antiquarian lore, and they have been rewarded by discovering that our crowned heads will not permit covered hands to come before them, because it was forbidden in Spain, on account of one of the kings having been so enamoured with, as to be entirely under the influence of, a lady who wore white kid gloves. This august potentate—albeit a mighty ruler of men—was, it seems, as foolishly frail as that poor common mortal W. W., of whom the *Spectator* relates, he "was killed by an unknown hand that was playing with a glove upon the side of the front boxes in Drury-lane."

Alas that gloves should have been made to work direr evils than the mere killing of amorous hearts. Secret poisoners have, however, often, by impregnating them with death-dealing essences, made them accomplish their fell designs on their unsuspecting victims. There is every reason to believe that the mother of Henry of Navarre was murdered by means of a pair of gloves given to her at the marriage of her son by that foul miscreant, Catherine de Medici. One thing which much favored this misuse of gloves, was that they were rendered "very expensive and *fort à la mode*" by being highly perfumed, not as now by the addition of some comparatively transient fragrance, but by the permanent saturation of the skins with such thing as musk, ambergris, or civet. The Spanish and Italians were the great adepts in this art. So completely did scent and gloves go together that in the charter which Louis XIV. granted to the glove-makers, they are styled *marchands maîtres gantiers parfumeurs*. This recalls the words of Don Quixote. "But this you will not deny Sancho, that when you were so near her, your nostrils were regaled by Sabeian odours (such aromatic fragrance), a delicious sensation for which there is no name—I mean a scent such as fills the shops of some curious glover." Autolyus, in lauding his wares, speaks of "gloves as sweet as damask roses." So much do tastes change that none would so esteem them in the present day, nor can we doubt that many things which fashionable noses now reckon so "aromatic"—"Sabeian odours" producing a "delicious sensation"—will in due time be placed under the same law as musk, civet, and ambergris are with us. Nowadays it is not of much consequence whether gentlemen wear gloves or not; but out of doors no lady is considered dressed without them. It was not always so, for till about the time of the Reformation, though they seem to have been an essential part of a gentleman's attire, they were not usually worn by ladies. Indeed, if we were to be guided by the items in Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe accounts, we should conclude that, fond of dress though she was, she never used them. This, however, would be a mistake, for we are told that she gave a certain G. Clifford a glove which she had dropped and he picked up. This the gallant courtier so prized that he had it adorned with jewels, and always wore it in his cap at tournaments.

A very sufficient reason why gloves are not mentioned in Queen Elizabeth's accounts is, that she would never have to buy any, since it was very common to make presents of them, even to royalty. It is recorded for instance, that King James received from Will Huggins, in addition to two pair of plain perfumed gloves, "one pair of perfumed gloves, the cuffs laced with point bone and laces of Venice gold." No despicable present, even for a king; for, as Venice only could produce these articles in their highest perfection, they were imported thence as luxuries for the wealthy, not to be purchased but at a great price. We may estimate the amount paid for them from the fact that such a pair of gloves which, about this time the University of Cambridge gave the Chancellor, cost as much as forty shillings—enough to have then hired ten first-class labourers for a week. Who then can doubt that Queen Bess would receive very graciously those three Italians, each of whom presented her with a pair of these expensive articles? Nor need we wonder that, when Oxford University wished to prove its appreciation of the wisdom of our royal Solomon, it could find no more acceptable gift than gloves.

We need hardly state that in love and marriage glove's have for long played an important part. Of old as now, the gallant swain felt called upon to give a pair to the lady of his affections. We find even the poor clown in "The Winter's Tale" saying to Autolyus, "If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will be also the bondage of certain gloves." And as to

the need there was for an ample supply of them at a wedding, does not Ben Jonson's Lady Haughty exclaim,

We see no ensigns of a wedding here,
No character of a bridal.
Where be our scarfs and gloves?

In honouring the dead it was an ancient custom to bury heroes in their gloves—those symbols of their power; hence it was remarked as somewhat strange that none were found on the remains of Edward I, when his tomb was opened. The part which they fill in our soldier's funerals is a relic of this practice. They are not indeed used to clothe the corpse, but they hold a conspicuous place among the funeral trappings. By-the-bye, the gloves of Edward the Black Prince were made to serve a somewhat analogous purpose, for they were hung over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral. The custom which still prevails of giving gloves to those who follow the dead to their last resting place seems to have originated in very early times; for we find that, even so soon as the fifth century, Pope Leo I. gave permission to bishops and abbots to wear them on the occasion of burials. Who can doubt that what these holy prelates were so anxious to be allowed to use were gifts? This to many good Christians must have seemed a sad defection from the pious usages of their forefathers. Bishops to be allowed to wear gloves indeed! Why, in the primitive and pure ages of the Church, this was denounced as a sin for even a private Christian. Alas! for the degeneracy of the faith; where will these things end? End! why just where it might be supposed, in the priest wearing these vain appendages even at the altar, and in the necessity for ordinances regulating their use by monks and hermits.

Space will not allow us to enter upon the many uses to which gloves were put in connection with the administration of the law. Suffice it to say no one, not even a judge was allowed to wear them in any court of justice. Yet, for all that, we find it was a common practice to present them to judges. That they were often thus made the means of conveying bribery cannot be questioned: for it is related to the honour of Sir Thomas More that, upon having a pair given to him, containing money, he said, "I accept the gloves; it would be against all good manners to refuse a lady's new year gift, but the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."

We must not conclude without noticing a very curious purpose to which gloves were once applied. In some life of Hogarth—we think it was that by Nichols—we remember reading, "In the scene of the committee, one of the members has his glove on his head. I am told this whimsical custom once prevailed among our sanctified fraternity. It is in vain I suppose to ask the reason why." O dear no, not at all in vain, good friend; indeed, your own common sense might have suggested to you an answer. It was simply because a bald head needed protection from the cold, and the glove seemed most handy for that purpose. We know that long ago (1659) the ingenious Marquis of Worcester suggested that gloves might be used for conveying secret intelligence; but that the honest member of committee had no such thought is plain, from a humorous account of a journey to preach in a country church:

Three ancient dames with withered faces,
Sat fast asleep in lower places;
Two grey-haired dons, with glove on pate,
Sat just below in nodding state.

WEARING BRIDAL WREATHS.

Wedding garlands or wreaths are of remote antiquity; they were used among the Romans. Vaughan (1606) states, that "when the marriage day was come, the bride was bound to have a chapelet of flowers or hearbes upon her head." Garlands at weddings were used also by the Jews. Wreaths of this kind were used among the Anglo-Saxons. At the termination of the marriage ceremony in the church, the bride and bridegroom both were crowned with wreaths of flowers, which were kept in the church for that purpose. Chapelets of flowers used in the Eastern Church on this occasion are said to have been blessed. At a later period sprigs of myrtle and ears of corn were sometimes used. Chaucer, in his "Clerk of Oxenford's Prologue," introduces Grisild, as "a verray faithful mayde," dressed out for her wedding; the wreath or "coroun" is mentioned:

Hir heeres han they kempt, that lay untressed.
Ful rudely, and with hire fynnes smale
A coroun on hir heed they han-dressed,
And set on hir ful of nowches gret and smale.

In Henry VIII's reign the bride wore a wreath of corn-ears; sometimes of flowers. Nichols, in his "Churchwardens Account of St. Margaret's, Westminster," gives the following entry, under date 1510:—"Paid to Alice Lewis, a goldsmith's wife, of London, for a serclett to mary mydens in, the twenty-sixth day of September, £3 10s." Field, in his "Amends for Ladies," 1639, mentions garlands being placed "upon the heads of the maid and widow that are to be married." Dallaway writes of the Greek Church, that "marriage is by them (of this church) called the matrimonial coronation, from the crowns of garlands with which the parties are decorated, and which they solemnly dissolve on the eighth day following."

NATURE.

I love thee, Nature—love thee well—
In sunny nook and twilight dell,
Where birds and bees and blossoms
And leaves and flowers
And winds in low, sweet voices tell
Of happy hours.

I love thy clear and running streams,
Which mидdly flash with silver gleams,
Or darkly lie, like shadow dreams,
To bless the sight:
While every wave with beauty teams,
And smiles delight.

I love thy forest, deep and lone,
Where twilight shades are ever thrown
And murmuring winds, with solemn tone
Go slowly by,
Sending a peal like ocean moan,
Along the sky.

I love to watch at close of day,
The heavens in splendor melt away,
From radiant gold to silver gray,
As sinks the sun;
While stars upon their trackless way,
Come one by one.

I love, I know not which the best,
The little wood-bird in its nest,
The wave that mirrors in its breast,
The landscape true,
Or the sweet flower by winds caressed,
And bathed in dew.

They all are to my bosom dear,
They all God's messengers appear!
Preludes to songs that spirits hear!
Mute prophecies!
Faint types of a resplendent sphere
Beyond the skies!

The clouds—the mist—the sunny air—
All that is beautiful and fair,
Beneath, around, and everywhere,
Were sent in love,
And some eternal truth declare
From heaven above!

CARRIE'S PERIL.

"Do you really think we are lost, cousin?"
"Indeed, Carrie, I believe we are. I can recognize nothing—everything seems strange. We must have wandered far from the right trail."

As he spoke, the young man rose in the stirrups. Casting a keen glance around, not entirely devoid of uneasiness.

"The sun is setting: it will soon be dark. We will be obliged to spend the night here in the forest, and—hark!"

The cheek of the young woman paled as she bent her ear in listening.

Sounding from a distance, yet with a distinctness that seems peculiar to the tones of that animal, there came a long, quivering, wailing cry, abruptly terminating in a shrill, eldritch scream.

The maiden shuddered, while her cavalier looked to the priming of his rifle.

They well knew from whence sprang this cry; they knew that the terrible panther had roused from its diurnal rest, and was now setting forth in quest of prey.

The dying rays of the setting sun shone full upon the couple through a rift in the forest, and though their garb was fashioned more for comfort and convenience than either grace or display, the picture was a pleasing one.

Both were young.
Though the eldest by half a dozen years, the man had barely passed his twenty-fifth year.

Carrie Morton was an only child, whose father had been among the earliest settlers at Harrodsburg.

As years rolled on, the hand of death rested heavily upon the settler's family.

First the good wife, then the children, one by one they passed away, until only Carrie was left to comfort her father.

Her companion, Ned Campbell, was a distant relative, though familiarly termed cousin—a title, by the way, soon to be changed for a still nearer and dearer one, if rumour spoke correctly.

A number of emigrants settled along the southern side of Green River, among them a family well known to the Mortons, and Carrie resolved to pay them a visit.

So with Ned Campbell as sole escort, for the Indians were accounted friendly, she set forth upon the journey.

They had ridden steadily since daybreak, had crossed the river at the proper point, but since then had apparently lost their way.

The vast wilderness seemed uninhabited.

Night was at hand, and as yet no sign of a settlement greeted their anxious eyes.

"Well, Carrie, we must ride on, and trust in Providence. After all, it might be worse; we have only the wild beasts to dread," cheerily observed Campbell, urging on his horse.

For an hour more they pressed forward, through the trackless forest, through the fast deepening gloom, loth to abandon hope of reaching friendly shelter.

Then a joyful cry broke from the young man's lips.

From the hill-top a faint, twinkling point of light met his eye at no great distance.

"Hurrah! a cabin at last. Come, Carrie darling."

In a few minutes more the cabin was reached, and in answer to Campbell's hail two women appeared at the open door, through which shone the light that had guided the steps of the wanderers.

"A pleasant evening to you, friends," cried Campbell, as he dismounted. "Only for that fire gleam of yours we must have camped out in the woods. Now, Carrie, go you in with our friends while I see to the horses."

"But we may be intruding," hesitated the maiden, seeing the women make no offer to welcome them.

"It's little enough we have, stranger," at this remarked one of the women, "but such as it is, you're welcome to it."

Then she added to her companion—
"Mag, you show the place for the horses."

Campbell followed his slovenly guide to a small log corral at the back of the cabin, and there freed his jaded horses of their equipage, placing before them a quantity of food, then returned to the cabin.

The night air was chilly, and he sat beside Carrie in the chimney corner.

The two women, before mentioned, were almost giantesses, coarse, uncouth, and almost brutal in appearance; while a third sat upon a low pallet, trying to soothe the cries of a sickly-looking babe.

She was young, and had been comely, if not beautiful; but now her form was wasted, her face haggard and sallow.

She was cleanly in attire—a notable contrast to the others.

"Choke that brat, Moll," snarled one of the women. "Better not let the old man ketch it squallin' so."

"The poor thing, is sick," murmured Carrie, gliding to the mother's side. "Let me take it, please; perhaps I can soothe it," and she gently took up the child.

It must have been Carrie's guardian angel that prompted her to the action.

It raised up for her a friend where one was sorely needed.

The babe gradually quieted down, and then fell asleep, peacefully nestling upon the maiden's breast.

The worn woman's eyes filled with tears, and she seemed about to speak, when one of the others said, in a significant tone—

"Mind what Jack said about your snivelling, Moll. He'll be here before long."

"Then you expect your husband?" queried Campbell.

"Yes; but set up. The wittles is ready, such as they be. In the morning mebe you'll get something more to your taste," and she chuckled, casting a peculiar glance towards the other giantess.

Campbell made no reply, but led Carrie to the rude table.

The actions of the women were not calculated to put him at rest, especially when they thought themselves unobserved, and he recalled the rumours of rapidly increasing crime in the Greenmore region that had reached Harrodsburg.

Could it be that he had fallen into a den of murderers?

"Go out soon to look after your horses. Wait at the corral for me. You are in great danger here, but I will save you."

Campbell started and glanced around.

The mother of the sick child was passing behind him, and hastily pressed a finger to her lips, with a glance towards the two women standing in the doorway.

Campbell understood the hint, and with a powerful exertion of will controlled his feelings.

The tone in which the warning was conveyed forbade the idea of its being a jest.

As may be imagined, his appetite was small, and Carrie, probably affected by his grave looks, also ate but little.

The mother of the babe then offered to show her to her bed, and a look from Ned warned her to comply without words.

Troubled with a vague fear of she knew not what, Carrie went into a tiny room that was partitioned off from the rest of the building.

Closing the door, the woman whispered—

"Do not speak if you value your life! You are in danger, but I will save you, for your heart is kind. Act as though you were going to bed, but do not remove your clothes. Don't be alarmed if you hear a noise in that room. It will be me. Remember, your life depends on your prudence."

Leaving Carrie trembling, the woman closed the door, and then glanced at Campbell.

Reading the signal aright, he rose, with a yawn, saying that he must go to his horses, and then would turn in.

As he stepped out the doors, the woman called Moll caught up a bucket, muttering something about going for fresh water.

At the corral she met Campbell.

"Lead out your horses; take them back of the cabin. I'll bring out the kind lady. You must ride fast and far, for the bloodhounds will be upon your track—they may come at any moment. You must have heard of them—the Harpe brothers!" and then she turned away to the spring.

Had he not?

His stout heart chilled with horror as he thought of Carrie's falling into the clutches of these demons in human form—these men, or rather fiends, who loved bloodshed for itself, who had committed many a cruel murder without hope of gaining anything for the deed.

Little wonder, then, that he lost no time in preparing his horses for instant flight.

But the peril was even nearer than he at first believed.

Scarcely had he closed the corral, when he heard the sound of rapidly approaching horse-hoofs, and then two horsemen dashed up to the corral and dismounted.

Campbell, now at the rear of the cabin, drew his pistols, feeling that discovery was inevitable.

His rifle was still within the cabin.

He heard the two women leave the cabin, and then the other one hastily enter it.

In suspense he listened.

A faint sound within met his ear, then a board at his feet uplifted, and two figures were before him.

He recognised Carrie and their strangely-found friend.

At this moment a loud cry, followed by furious oaths, came from the corral.

Beyond a doubt, the Harpes had discovered the absence of the horses.

Moll hastily whispered—

"Take the left hand trail, and ride for life; it leads to the nearest neighbour, where you'll be safe. Away and may Heaven preserve you!"

"But you?" muttered Campbell, as he lifted Carrie to the saddle.

"Harpe is my husband. Go; for Heaven's sake, make haste!"

Grasping the rein of Carrie's horse, Campbell urged them on at break-neck speed.

Loud yells told that the sound was heard, and several pistol shots were fired after them, but fortunately without injury; and then the loud clatter told of swift pursuit.

For half an hour this was continued; but then the fugitives reached the farm-house, and were safe.

The alarm was spread, and in the grey light of dawn, a body of vigilantes visited the lone cabin.

A dead body lay across the threshold. It was that of the grateful woman.

Jack Harpe, her husband, had committed the deed.

The murderers had fled, with the other women and child.

But retribution finally overtook them.

Carrie shortened her visit, and soon after returned home, where she was wedded to Ned Campbell.

MARIE'S CHOICE.

One year before the time that our story begins, Marie Sandling thought she had done a very wise thing in engaging herself to Howard Clifton.

She was the petted and spoiled daughter of the wealthy and worldly Mr. George Sandling; she had left school at the early age of seventeen, had met Mr. Clifton at her first ball, a few weeks later, and he, almost carried away by her beauty and grace, asked her to become his wife, before he had had an opportunity of seeing what her domestic or religious life was.

And now, although he could but own to himself that she possessed no religion beyond that which took her to church when she had a particularly nice hat or dress, and that all she knew of housekeeping would hardly do credit to a child of ten years old; still, loving as he did, and believing his love to be returned, he would say to himself—

"When she is wholly mine, she will be different," a thought upon which many wiser men than he have wrecked their happiness.

But however hopeful and satisfied Mr. Clifton might feel, Marie, as she sat in her own cozy room, felt far from satisfied.

"He will expect me to be as religious as he is," thought she, "and stop my going to balls, the opera, and all places that I now delight in. I wonder if he would care very much if I should break off our engagement?"

"I suppose he loves me, but, after all, I cannot be expected to care much for him."

"I was only seventeen when we were engaged, and I could not be expected to know my mind then."

"Yes," she said, rising and going to the large glass to arrange her hair before going down to dinner, "I will tell Howard the first chance I get that I wish to be released, and if he is any gentleman, that will be sufficient."

"Mr. Parker is downstairs, miss, and would like to see you," said a servant, opening the door.

Oh, Marie, why does that quick blush rise to your face?

And why is it necessary to change your dress for a more becoming one?

You received Mr. Clifton but yesterday in that, and why alter it now?

As Marie put the last finishing touches to her dress, she smiled at her reflection in the mirror. And truly, she looked very lovely.

The thin white dress she wore suited well her fair complexion, and the simple sash and bow of blue made her look all the fairer.

Her beautiful golden curls were fastened back with an exquisite rose, the gift of Mr. Clifton, and even the most particular would have pardoned her smile of triumph as she gazed at herself.

"Yes," she murmured, turning away. "I am beautiful, and don't mean to waste my sweetness on the desert air" of Howard Clifton's home. He is poor and pious, and I don't love him; so if Mr. Parker proposes, I'll accept him and marry next spring."

And with this resolve she ran lightly downstairs to welcome her guest, as few besides Marie Sandling could welcome.

After they had talked for some time upon minor topics, Marie said—

"Have you heard of Lucy Clark's engagement?"

"Yes," Mr. Parker answered, "and I was sorry to hear it—sorry, because all the nice girls are getting engaged, and as soon as that event takes place, there is no more fun for me."

"There is one who has been engaged some time that I would give all I possess to call mine, and I am quite sure the man she is engaged to cares no more for her than he does for his sister."

It was impossible not to understand who Mr. Parker meant, and, as he spoke, Marie's head drooped lower and lower over the flower she was pulling to pieces.

At last she said, in a low voice—

"Perhaps she cares for him whatever his feelings towards her may be."

"Does she, Marie?" he replied, taking her unresisting hand—"or does she repent having engaged herself so young? Oh, my darling one! say you love me! Marie! Marie! you don't know how I love you, or how desolate the world looks when I think of living here without you. Won't you tell me you love me?"

For answer she took the diamond cluster from her third finger, placed it on the table beside her, and was about to speak, when a startled cry from her companion caused her to look up.

There in the doorway stood Mr. Clifton.

He evidently had heard most of their conversation, for if twenty years had passed over his head since Marie had last seen him, he could not have been more changed.

"Marie," he gasped, "you don't mean it! You won't give me up! You said you loved me, and God knows how faithfully I have loved you! Oh, what have I done—what have I done, to suffer this? Put on your ring again, darling, and be mine once more."

For a moment Marie's better feelings seemed to triumph, and, thinking of all his previous love and kindness, she stretched out her hand and took up the ring.

But as she did so the thought of the quiet life she would lead as Mrs. Clifton, and the gay times she would have as Mrs. Parker, came across her, and, instead of replacing it on her finger, she handed it to Mr. Clifton, saying—

"Forgive me, Howard; I was too young to know my own mind."

For an instant he seemed stunned, then, turning to Mr. Parker, he hissed out—

"Thief! may Heaven reward you as you deserve!" and then rushed from the room.

Three months after this there was a grand wedding at one of the most fashionable churches in the city.

Marie was the bride, Mr. Parker the groom.

"How sweet the bride looked!" said one of two ladies, talking of it a few days after.

"Yes," her companion replied, "but did you notice how white she turned just as they were leaving the church? I hope she has nothing the matter with her heart."

Ah, my dear lady, had you looked a little closer you would have seen a man, with deep lines of pain on his still handsome face, bend from where he was sitting, and whisper, as the bride and groom passed down the aisle—

"Marie, Marie, darling! speak to me once more!"

But, except the deathlike pallor that overspread her face, she passed as if she had him not.

And was Marie happy as Mrs. Parker?

She was surrounded on all sides by admiring friends.

Everything she wished for, that money could purchase, was hers.

It is true that her husband had spoken quite sharply to her on one occasion, when she had allowed young Captain Seward to pay her marked attention.

More than once, when he returned home at a late hour, his voice was thick and husky; but she tried to persuade herself that she was happy.

And so she was when she could drown thought in gaiety; but when, in her quiet room, she would think over the past, a wish would sometimes arise that she had not been quite so ready to tie the knot which death only could undo.

In a year's time, however, the occasional wish had grown to be a frequent one.

Mr. Parker complained that his wife had become so moody that it was not possible to please her, and Marie, had she spoken about it, would have said that her husband spent most of his time away from home, and when he did return, he had to be carried to bed by the butler, and awoke only to leave her again.

One day, however, he returned earlier than usual, and was met at the head of the stairs by a strange woman, who made him a courtesy, and told him that a little daughter had been born to him that morning, and Mrs. Parker was anxious to see him.

"A girl," he murmured; "and I did want a boy so much."

And he went into his wife's room.

She was quietly sleeping, and looked so pale that for a moment he thought her spirit had flown.

But just then a little cry from the cot by her side caused her to wake.

Seeing her husband, a look of joy overspread her pale features, and, for a time, all her wrongs were forgotten.

"Oh, Arthur, I'm so glad you have come! Now you will stay at home more, won't you, dearest?" she said, pointing to the cradle. "Do look, Arthur, what a darling she is!"

And such a fond, proud look beamed from her eyes as she spoke that her husband leaned over and kissed her saying—

"Forgive me, darling, for all my neglect of you. Yes, I will remain at home more than I have done lately."

And so he fully intended at the time.

But when Marie was again able to be about, he returned to his former companions and pursuits all the more eagerly from having been so long away from them.

One night Marie had gone to bed, leaving, as usual, the candle on the mantel for her husband when he returned.

Little Annie, now ten months old, was fast asleep in the cradle, when Marie was awakened by hearing heavy footsteps on the stairs.

She had become so accustomed to her husband's returning in a maudlin state that she only gave an impatient sigh at having been disturbed, turned over and slept again.

She was aroused by a feeling of suffocation, and started up to find the room full of smoke.

With trembling haste she rushed to her child's bed, and grasped eagerly the form of her darling.

Alas! only the form was there!

The spirit had gone to its last resting-place.

In agony the unhappy woman called her husband, but he, stupefied with drink, was immovable.

She struck a light, but it only confirmed her worst fears.

Her child, her darling idol, was dead.

The blanket which had been thrown over it was burnt to a crisp, and a piece of lighted cigar showed how it had been destroyed.

Taking the lifeless form of little Annie in her arms, she rushed to the servants' apartments for help, and they soon succeeded in extinguishing the fire and arousing Mr. Parker.

His agony on finding that he had been the cause of his child's death was terrible.

But he soon found at least temporary relief in the winecup.

Poor Marie bore up for a few days, and then brain fever set in, and her physician said there was no hope of her recovery.

But for once he was wrong.

Marie regained all her former bodily strength, but her mind seemed quite gone.

She would sit for hours, rocking back and forth, humming a low lullaby, and then, with fearful shrieks, would call her nurse to take away her husband—he was setting fire to her and her child.

At last the doctors said they could do no more for her, and her only hope was to be placed in an asylum.

So there she was taken by her husband and father, who saw that her room was fitted up with everything the heart could wish for, and then left her to her sad fate.

"Hullo! old fellow, how do you do? Just the man I wanted to see. Come in a moment—I have something to say to you."

And Dr. Edwards seated himself in an armchair, and pushed one towards his friend.

"What I have to say to you is this—I am obliged to go to France."

"To France!" said Howard Clifton—for it was he, very much changed since we last saw him.

His hair, then black, was now streaked with grey, and his face wore a sad expression instead of the jovial one he once had.

Since Marie's rejection of him, he had devoted himself to the care of the sick and needy, and had already gained a reputation of being one of the best doctors for miles around.

"To France! How about the asylum and all your patients?"

"That is just what I want to talk about. I have left all of them to Dr. Williams, but one, and I wish to leave her in your care; she is the only child of a rich old banker. It is not a hopeless case; indeed, I think that with great care she might recover. She seems to have had a great deal of trouble, though she cannot be much over twenty-two. But come and see her for yourself."

Accustomed as Dr. Clifton was to all kinds of disease, he could not but shudder as he entered the gloomy walls of the asylum.

They were met by a nurse, who said to Dr. Edwards—

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come! Lady Dean is in one of her wildest fits, and no one can manage her."

"Well, Clifton, I must leave you for a short time; but go straight on until you come to No. 44; you will find your patient there."

And with a wave of his hand, Dr. Edwards left his friend.

Now, as a general rule, maniacs are not pretty.

Imagine, then, Clifton's surprise, when he saw, in a crimson velvet armchair, a young woman still in her robe de nuit.

Her lovely hair fell in soft waves far below her slender waist, while over the marble temples it rippled in countless, tiny ringlets.

Could this be a maniac's cell?

Was he not in some lady's boudoir?

The rich carpet, the walnut furniture, the beautiful painting, and, above all, the lovely occupant, seemed more fitted for a palace than an asylum.

He advanced towards her, and took a full view of her face.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed; "is it—can it be my Marie?"

His wild cry brought the nurse, who had remained just outside the cell.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" she inquired.

"Who is she?" he gasped, pointing to the girl.

"Marie Parker. A gentleman, who I suppose was her brother, brought her here last week. But, sir, do you not feel well? Shall I call the—"

"Oh, no, my good woman: nothing is the matter. I am only a little faint."

"Strange, very strange!" muttered the nurse, as she closed the door after him.

Dr. Edwards had been gone a week, and Howard Clifton had become accustomed to see Marie without showing any agitation.

Very tenderly did he minister to her wants, and often, through the silent watches of the night, he would walk up and down the cell with her in his arms.

His touch seemed to calm and soothe her when everything else failed.

Sometimes she would call to him with piteous cries to save her child, and when he would answer—

"Yes, darling," her golden head would again droop on his breast, and her sweet eyes close with the weary look of a trusting child.

Once she had asked—

"What is your name? You are so like some one I used to know; I think they called him Howard, but I cannot remember his last name."

And then, before he could answer, she had again passed into unconsciousness.

Six months hence saw Howard still in constant attendance upon Marie.

Dr. Edwards had returned, but his friend pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to continue his visits, giving as his excuse for doing so his intense interest in the case, that Dr. Edwards had willingly consented, seeing how much Marie had improved during his absence.

The vacant look had passed from her eyes, and for hours reason would return.

She had recognised Howard, told him her sad story, and asked to see her parents, but never her husband.

Both the doctors, agreed that only a great shock would ever entirely restore her mind.

One afternoon, when Howard came to see her, he found her in a death-like swoon.

The morning paper was still grasped in her hand.

Tenderly and quickly he placed her on the bed, and then called a nurse.

They succeeded in rousing her, but brain fever again set in, and Howard felt he must lose her just when he had hoped to call her his, for, on taking the paper, he had seen Mr. Parker had died in France, where he was killed in a duel.

One day she woke from a quiet sleep, with such a calm, sweet expression on her face that hope again filled Howard's heart.

She saw and immediately recognised him, and, giving him a sweet smile, she again slept. From this time Marie improved rapidly, and as soon as she was able to be moved she was taken to her father's house; but once she spoke of her husband, and then it was only to ask where he was buried.

Though Howard's attendance was no longer needed, he was a constant visitor at M. Sandling's house; and, one evening, when, in the soft twilight, he again asked Marie to become his wife, he was greeted by such a look of love and penitence that his former sorrow was forgotten in his present great joy.

AMERICAN ENGLISH.

To begin with spellings the second of the middle of a word is generally left out: "leveled leveling, traveled traveling. It is not done on principle, because "skillful" and "installment" are so spelt, by exactly reversing the process. Then, again comes the s for the c in "offense, defense" and so on. In the popular novel, the "Maid of Sker," mention is made of the battle of the Nile, and in the United States' edition, the "Defense" line-of-battle ship is made to appear as the "Defence," which is ridiculous, and altogether bad, for a proper name should surely be spelt as it was given, without respect to any improvements or phonetic principles.

"Ter" for "tre," is another prominent example; every little paper talks of "theaters" and "centers," as if it was determined to do its "level best" to improve the language of the Britishers.

The readiness with which slang is adopted by the highest and gravest officials is really astounding. There is a miserable joke extant about some one who wished to say that an account was "all correct," but he spelt it "olkrect;" this was seized upon as wit, and now, "O. K." is used in large companies, as an auditor's or superintendent's voucher to the accounts he passes. All through the States, too, it is considered a very smart thing to open a shop, and call it the "O. K." Stores. Again the coarse expression, "Boss," carries with it no disrespect in the States. Therefore, "Say! Boss," however much it may jar upon a stranger's ear at first, is soon discovered to be meant for a proper mode of address, and is quite as respectful as any he is likely to get. So, too, they avoid saying or writing "addition," "added up," "total," and the like, but say "footings," "foots up," and "total footings;" and these will appear in printed official documents.

The commonest mode of all for filtering the pure well of English undefiled is, to use a word which, when twisted out of its place and meaning, has a most barbarous and uncouth effect. "The moon raises late," "I guess she would raise before ten," may be taken as fair illustration. "Quit" is used in all sorts of places where

"dismiss," "cease," "discontinue," or "quitted," would be employed. "I was obliged to quit him as he got drunk," is the speech of an employer when explaining why he discharged a man; although the words, without explanation, never convey this meaning to an Englishman. "Quite" is employed in every sense where greatness or quantity has to be expressed. "The enemy was quite in force," "Wounded quite severely," "Quite some excitement" (!) and so on *ad infinitum*. Somewhat akin to this is the use of the word "piece" to express distance; it is nothing less than a distortion of the word's use to say that "you should not shoot at a rattlesnake, unless you were off a piece," or, "We are travelling quite a piece."

Another peculiarity which strikes an Englishman, is, that he does not hear the weather praised in the various terms employed at home. In the Great Republic praise is exhausted when they say, "This is a pretty day," or "What a pretty morning." The word "elegant" has to do strange duty, the joint at dinner, the relish at tea-time (always "supper" by-the-bye), being usually described as "elegant." The tea in use is nearly always wholly green, the consumption of green tea being far in advance of that of black; directly opposite to the practice in England; indeed, if you require anything different at the hotels, you should order "English breakfast tea," which is commonly one of the items in the bill of fare.

Some of the variations introduced in speech are so odd and so meaningless, that one is completely at a loss to guess why they were introduced at all, or who introduced them. If you speak to a United States-man, and he does not catch your words, he will ask "How?" or "Which?" If he says some one is "very clever," he means to convey that he or she is "very benevolent;" while he capriciously gives new terminations to words, or invents new words altogether, and presents us with "dancist singist, walkist, orchadist" (!) and the like. By the same rule of thumb we have "burglarized," "suicided," and a host of others; and by the same rule, again, or by the same want of a rule, all children are taught to call the last letter in the alphabet "Zee," in place of "Zed." There is somewhat more excuse for calling a deaf man "deef;" the words selected for reform are however, chosen in a most arbitrary manner; for although "deef" has been forced into line, yet no one has the courage to call "heard," "heerd," as Dr. Johnson pointed out long ago should be done. "Fuss," too, is used in a more general manner than one expects to find; it means to quarrel, or a quarrel itself. A man who was shot on leaving a ball-room says he could not guess who was his assailant, "as he had had no fuss with any one;" adding, that the remainder of his party were just in front, or, as he described them, and as they would commonly be described, "the balance of the boys." The word also means "to be noisy." "I won't fuss around," says the heroine of a novel; and, by the way, "around" is dragged in continually. Wasting time is "fooling around;" waiting, is "laying around—standing around." "Fuss" and "Muss" appear to be nearly identical. Muss is a word which, as the gentleman in *Martin Chuzzlewit* averred of "start," we do not use in the old country. "Won't there be a muss!" alludes to confusion and quarrelling; and so, Mrs. Beecher Stowe uses it in her books, and so it seems to be used colloquially. Even standard school-books recognise and teach the using "through" for "finished" or "completed." "Wait till I am through with my play."

People who call a cock-fight a "chicken contest," and describe the birds, as "roosters"—a ridiculous word, which is universally employed in the United States, as if hens did not roost!—who talk of a "gentleman cow," call trousers "pants," and the like, may be very nice in their language, but scarcely in their ideas.

The editor of the *Biglow Papers* speaks of the invariable accuracy with which the *h* is used in the States, and the reluctance the people there have even to joke upon mistakes with that often misplaced letter. It may be so. As a Pennsylvanian once said: "Some of you British people don't use no *hs*. How is that? Now, you say 'og,' and we always say 'org.' How do you account for the difference?" The newspapers advertise "a hotel" for sale, which is a little trying, even to a Londoner. "Not got nothing" is quite correct, out West. "Ain't got no," "Didn't see no," and kindred phrases, are the rule. To wit, "show" means chance or opportunity; "He didn't give me no show;" "I ain't got no show to do it;" any one who did not so speak would depart from the standard.

The introduction of a multitude of German words, or words which are an imitation of German, is hardly to be discussed here; it will be sufficient to say that one is often puzzled by their appearance in reading or conversation. Here is one: "A house with a stoop;" which means, a house the front door of which is approached by steps, with a very broad one, or landing-place at the top.

The people in the United States never speak of their greatest annual holiday—greatest after Independence Day—as New-Year's Day, but always as "New-Year's." "We'll have a dance at New-year's;" "Was up there about last New-year's;" "Was born on New-year's;" these things give a very odd and foreign sound to the conversation to English ears.

"Git," which is U. S. for "get" is much in vogue, and the drivers from East to West say to their horses "Git!" in lieu of "Gee up," and so forth; but the word is in use also among "humans." "You've got to git," means, "You must go from here," and generally includes making haste. "Right away," too, is used for hastily or immediately, and there is a degree of

propriety in the expression, but it is twisted and stretched beyond its legitimate meaning. They seem to have no other word or phrase to express "directly" but this; the chief evangelical paper of the States, the *New York Observer*, says of an awakened sinner who "wanted salvation right away."

In the beginning of the present year, a girl died, presumably from starvation, at a town in Minnesota; she had lodged at a house named, and after her decease her body was opened to discover the cause of her death. This is all straightforward enough, and does not seem to leave much room for obscurity, yet the chances are that an ordinary reader would have been puzzled if he had come upon the account of it in the American language. The statement ran that "she had been rooming for three weeks at Mr.—'s," and that, "when her trunk was opened," nothing was found therein.

FASHION NOTES.

STEEL butterflies and aligrettes for the hair are in vogue.

THE "kettledrum" mania has extended to Boston, and just at present these affairs are the leading dissipation in fashionable society.

It is the fashion to send tiny baskets of flowers in preference to large bouquets this winter. It doesn't cost as much, and notes and things can easily be hidden among the roses.

WHITE combric handkerchiefs with colored hems are new. The prettiest have a white centre and deep hem of pink. Another style is fluted and has a colored monogram in the middle.

A NEW kind of imported fringe is of cut glass. It is similar to the old-fashioned bugle fringe, although prettier, and upon black silk dresses is very beautiful and effective.

THE newly imported Roman scarfs are very beautiful, and are made a quarter of a yard wide.

ELIZABETHAN ruffs and overskirts are going out of fashion together. Apron-fronts succeed overskirts and high standing collars the ruffs. *A propos* of the revival of collars, some new and very pretty styles and patterns are exhibited.

In Paris the young ladies are wearing a very jaunty little hat of gray felt bound with gray velvet, and ornamented with a gray aligrette and long gray feather. It turns up on the right side, and is altogether stylish.

LACE *fichus* are very fashionable this winter for evening dress. Those of white lace are the most beautiful, particularly so when worn with light-colored silk dresses.

THE large Turkish gold dollars are now made into necklaces and bracelets, although the latter are rather out of fashion. The coins are showy and form effective ornaments. They are not very common, these new necklaces, and for that reason are sought after.

DRESSES made of two different materials are quite the fashion. For instance a camel's hair cloth trimmed with silk flounces, or a silk covered with camel's hair cloth. The effect is quite pretty, especially when the dress is cut in the redingote style, and has a pyramid of small flounces in front.

LADIES wear oxydized melons in their ears, for ornament! This new style of ear-ring is becoming, if the mimic fruit is not too large.

WHEN skirts were worn three yards in diameter, eighteen yards of material were enough for a dress; but now that they are made scant, and to fit closely to the figure, at last thirty yards are required. Fashion presents some funny problems.

THE last wrinkle is a velvet collar edged with plaited silk and covered with a wreath of fine white flowers.

THE new Parisian style of looping ball and party dresses is the most beautiful and graceful introduced for a long time. The style conveys the idea of drapery, the sides of the dress being fastened up high, and the back and front made to hang very low and in folds.

THE hair is worn higher on the head than it has been recently. Instead of being massed as a chignon at the back, it is combed up from the nape of the neck to the top of the head, and there arranged in light puffs and curls. Heavy frizzettes have disappeared, but false hair has by no means followed their example, for there is quite as much, if not more, worn than at this period last year, only it is managed differently. It is prepared in long switches, which are all hair, and can be twisted into a coil and pinned, either as a coronet or as a Josephine knot, into loops, bows, or puffs—in fact, into twenty different styles, and it is infinitely more natural-looking than the stiff, formal chignons which were pinned on in one solid mass at the back of the head. Curls of all sorts and sizes, from the short frizzy ones to the stiff, round ringlets, are mounted on long hair-pins, and studded about the coils and puffs. Thick ropes, made of two tresses of hair twisted together, are newer than plaits. The front hair is usually crepe in long natural rippling waves, and where it is becoming, the front parting is made at one side rather than in the centre; the side hair is no longer combed straight upwards from the temples, any small side locks being turned rather towards the face than away from it. Flowers, when worn, are arranged as aligrettes or as trails, to mingle with the curls, which are now worn to take from the plainness of the nape of the neck when the hair is combed upwards to the summit of the head.

GUINEVERE TO LANCELOT.

BY ROBERT BATSON.

Woman is crowned, but man in truth is king.
I am a queen, but when my vassals bring
Fruit to my lips it is not fruit to me,
While bitter bread would be a feast with thee.
And each breath tremble into ecstasy;
But Fate forbids the dear delight to be.

I am a queen, but love of queens is lord;
I am a queen but fettered by a cord
Tight as the silk the Cupids pressed around
The boar, destroying Adon with a wound,
Found guilty by the Loves, and slain when found,
Condemned by Venus, to a death renowned.

I am a queen; be merciful to me,
My subject Lancelot. Thee alone I see;
All else is fading from my swimming eyes.
That which in me was queen is dead or dies,
But what was woman lives the more, and sighs
Like weary babe athirst at midnight cries.

A queen commands not heart, but lip and knee!
Poor little queen why must thou royal be?
Knight of the smile and voice so blinding sweet,
Is not rank ice, and passion melting heat?
Wipe off the flakes that stain thy whiter feet
Upon my crown. Drown it, yes nows and sleet!

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly three o'clock on a hot summer's day; the long polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers—money was flowing in and running out in the usual business-like manner. From a raised desk in my private room, I, the manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure. The Royal Domestic is not a long-established institution, and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of its manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed Report of the directors—laid before the shareholders at their annual meeting—in which they are pleased to say:—“But after all, perhaps I might be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.”

A clerk puts his head inside my door. “Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you.”

“Send him in, Roberts,” I said.
Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood; we had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine, perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and great good luck. At my request, he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his cheques.

Charles, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time, he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water-company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds, as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the Company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had perhaps a little uneasy feeling myself about those bonds, for they were not every body's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and moustache, bright eyes of bluish grey, a nose tilted upwards giving him a saucy, resolute air; he was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frock-coats, a neat light dust-coat over it, a blue bird's-eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold.

“Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office; sold 'em well, too—to Billing Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought at one discount.”

“I'm very glad of it, Charlie,” I said, and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds, and the directors' shrugs whenever they very mentioned.

“Hand 'em over, old fellow,” said Charlie, “and I'll bring you Billing's cheque up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door.”

I went to the safe, and put my hand upon the bonds.

Charlie stood there looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I hadn't the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done: Bring your customer here, and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over. I should have said this to anybody else, but somehow I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' risk, and surely it was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie went off like a shot.

It wanted seven minutes to three, and I sat watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking, that I couldn't help feeling that I had done wrong. A few minutes, however, would set it right. Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just at a minute to three the cashier brought me three cheques, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's cheques, for fifteen hundred—twelve hundred and three hundred odd respectively, and his balance was only five hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. “Of course you must refuse them,” I said to the cashier.

When he went out, I sat in my chair quite still for a few moments, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the cheques in the confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course, these cheques, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the cheques to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out, and made my way to his office, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Chapel Court, perhaps—anywhere, he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half-hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a Hansom, and went off to the office of Mr. Gedgemount, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. “Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?”

“Upon my word,” said Gedgemount, “I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No; I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankrupt of him and then you can pursue him, as having fraudulently carried off his assets.”

But that advice was no good to me. I think I was wrong in taking it. I think I ought to have gone straight off to the police office, and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law, like Gedgemount, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face my directors with such a story as that I had to tell? The only excuse that I could urge of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us, would make the matter only the worse. Clearly at the same time that I told the circumstances to the directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands, to be put into force if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but that they would accept it. How damaging, too, the story would be to me, when I tried to obtain another appointment!

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river, as soon as the bank closed, and the youngsters eagerly reminded me of my promise. I replied so savagely and sternly, that the children made off in tears; my wife, coming to see what was the matter, fared little better. I must have had a sunstroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and eau de Cologne. I flung them away in a rage, and went out of the house. I must be doing something. I felt, and I hailed a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground-floor of a small house in Ecclesford Street, Pimlico—two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left me to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney-piece; they were only circulars from tradesmen. In the fire-place was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out upon a newspaper. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic lustre. Then I went to the bedroom, and searched that. Here, too, were evident preparations for flight: coats and other garments thrown hastily into cupboards, boxes turned out, an odd glove or two lying upon the dressing-table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness for others, in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the wash-stand was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked

in water; and near the upper end of it was a round irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly, the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph, whilst the face of the portrait had evidently been cut out, in order to place it in a locket or something similar.

It struck me at once that the photograph, about which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble, must be of a person very dear to him; probably his sweetheart. Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved as to his own friends and associates, and I had no clue to guide me to any of them except the photographer's card.

Re-entering my cab, I drove off to the photographer's. There was no number or distinguishing mark upon the card, and the chances seemed faint that he would be able to tell me anything about it. Indeed, at first, when the man found that I wasn't a customer, he seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the matter. The promise of a fee, however, made him more reasonable, and he offered to let me see his books, that I might search for the name I wanted to find. It was unlikely that the photograph had been done for Thrapstow; if it had, there would probably appear in the books only the useless record of his address, already known to me. Then the man shook his head. If I didn't know the name, it was no use looking: the card was nothing, he said; he sent hundreds out every month. What information could he possibly give me? Then I tried to describe the personal appearance of Thrapstow. But again he shook his head. If he hadn't taken his likeness, he wouldn't be likely to remember him; hardly even then, so many people passed through his hands.

All this time he had been carelessly holding the card in his fingers, glancing at it now and then, and suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. “Stop a bit,” he said, and went into his dark chamber, and presently emerged, smelling strongly of chemicals. “Look here,” he said triumphantly. I looked, and saw a very faint ghostly impression of a photograph. “It's printed itself through,” said the man—“they will sometimes—and I've brought it to light. Yes, I know the original of that.” Again he dived into a closet, and brought out a negative with a number and label to it. Then he turned to his book, and wrote down an address for me—Mrs. Maidmont, Larkspur Road, Notting Hill.

Away I went to Larkspur Road. Mrs. Maidmont's house was a small comfortable residence with bright windows, verandahs, gorgeous window-boxes, and striped sun-blinds. Mrs. Maidmont was at home, said a very neat, pretty-looking maid; and I sent in my card, with a message: “On most important business.” The maid came back to say that her mistress did not recognise the name, but would I walk in? I was shown into a pretty drawing room, on the first floor. An elderly lady rose to greet me with old-fashioned courtesy, at the same time with a good deal of uneasy curiosity visible in her face. This was not the original of the photograph, who was a young and charming girl.

“Madam,” I said rapidly, “I believe that my friend Charles Thrapstow, is well known to you; now, it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain where he is at this moment.” “Stay!” said the old lady. “You are laboring under a complete mistake; I know nothing whatever of the gentleman whose name you mention; a name I never heard before.”

Was she deceiving me? I did not think so. “Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know,” I said eagerly.

“Miss Maidmont is not likely to have formed any acquaintance without her mother's knowledge,” said Mrs. Maidmont with dignity. There seemed to be no alternative but for me to retreat with apologies.

“I am very busy, you see,” went on the old lady, with a wave of the hand; and indeed the room, now I looked about me, I saw to be strewn with preparations for some festive event, a ball perhaps, or from a wreath of orange blossoms that I saw peeping out a milliner's box, more likely a wedding. I was about to take my departure reluctantly, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded into the room: she was the original of the photograph.

“O mamma!” she cried, “here's a letter from poor Charlie to say he can't possibly come here to-night! Isn't it provoking? And I want to consult him about so many things.”

“Well, my dear Isabel,” said the old lady placidly, “you'll have enough of his company after to-morrow.” From which I judged that my surmise as to the wedding was correct, and that Charlie was the bridegroom-elect.

“By the way,” she went on, “here's a gentleman, Isabel, who insists that we know a Mr. Charles—I forget the name now.”

“Thrapstow,” I interjected.

“A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bella?”

“I know of no Mr. Charles, but Charles Tempest,” said Isabel.

“It is singular, too, that the initials of our friends should be the same. May I ask if you have given your portrait, taken by Blubore of Kensington?”

“Upon my word,” said Mrs. Maidmont, rising and sounding the bell, “this is rather too much from a total stranger. We don't know your friend, and we don't know you.—Susan, show this gentleman out.”

“But a gentleman,” I cried “with blue eyes, and yellow beard and moustaches, and turned-up nose.”

“No more!” cried Mrs. Maidmont. “Am I to repeat once more, we know nothing about him?”

What could I do under these circumstances but take my leave? In Susan, however, I found an unexpected ally. She had heard my parting words of description, and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said: “Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that.” Hail—a crown and a few blandishments, which, under the circumstances, I think even my worthy spouse would have condoned, put me into possession of the facts.

Miss Maidmont was really going to be married to-morrow morning at St. Spikenard's Church to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good-looking young man, whom they had not known long, but who seemed to be very well off. My description of my friend tallied exactly with Susan's of the bridegroom; but the coincidence might be merely accidental.

“Had Miss Maidmont a photograph of her lover?” I asked.

She had, in her own room, it seemed. Susan couldn't get at it now without suspicion; but she promised to secure it, and bring it with her if I would meet her at nine o'clock at the corner of the street.

I was punctual to my tryst; and at nine, Susan made her appearance with a merocco-case containing an excellent likeness of my friend, Charles Thrapstow, massive pin with topaz in it, and all.

Now, what was to be done? Should I go to Mrs. Maidmont, and tell her how she was deceived in her daughter's lover? That would have been the best way adapted to spare the feelings of the Maidmonts; but would it bring back the five thousand pounds? I thought not.

“Miss Maidmont,” I soliloquised, “will find some way to warn her lover. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweetheart, and no doubt she's over head and ears in love with Charlie.” No; I determined on a different plan.

I rose early next morning, dressed myself with care, put on a pair of pale primrose gloves, donned my newest beaver, and took a cab to St. Spikenard's, Notting Hill.

The bells were jangling merrily as I alighted at the church-door; a small crowd had already gathered on the pavement drawn together by that keen foresight of coming excitement characteristic of the human species. “Friend of the bridegroom,” I whispered to the verger, and I was forthwith shown into the vestry. The clergyman was there already, and shook hands with me in a vague kind of way.

“Not the bridegroom?” he said in a mild interrogative manner. I told him I was only one of his friends, and we stood looking at each other in a comatose kind of way, till a little confusion at the vestry-door broke the spell. “Here he comes!” whispered some one; and next moment there appeared in the vestry, looking pale and agitated, but very handsome, Mr. Charles Thrapstow.

I had caught him by the arm and led him into a corner, before he recognized who I was. When he saw me, I thought he would have fainted. “Don't betray me,” he whispered.

I held out my hand with a significant gesture.

“Five thousand,” I whispered in his ear.

“You shall have it in five minutes.”

“Your minutes are long ones, Master Charles,” I said.

With trembling fingers, he took out a pocket-book, and handed me a roll of notes.

“I meant it for you, Tom,” he said. Perhaps he did, but we know the fate of good intentions.

It didn't take me long to count over those notes: there were exactly five thousand pounds. “Now,” I said “Master Charles, take yourself off!”

“You promised,” he urged “not to betray me.”

“No more I will, if you go.”

“She's got ten thousand of her own,” he whispered.

“Be off; or else!”

“No; I won't,” said Charlie, making up his mind with a desperate effort; “I'll not. I'll make a clean breast of it.”

At that moment there was a bit of a stir, and a general call for the bridegroom. The bride had just arrived, people said. He pushed his way out to the carriage, and whispered a few words to Isabel, who fell back in a faint. There was a great fuss and bustle, and then some one came and said that there was an informality in the license, and that the wedding couldn't come off that day.

I didn't wait to hear anything further, but posted off to the bank, and got there just as the board were assembling. I suppose some of the directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the boardroom was old Venables grumbling out: “How about those Damascus bonds, Mr. Manager?” I rode rough-shod over old Venables, and tyrannised considerably over the board in general that day, but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwreck I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his creditors, and made it up with Miss Maidmont. He had a tongue that would wind round anything, if you only gave him time, and I wasn't much surprised at hearing that his wedding-day was fixed. He hadn't sent me an invitation, and I don't suppose he will, and I certainly shall not thrust myself forward a second time as an uninvited guest.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A QUEER CUSTOM.—The custom of coronals in churches exists in the parish of Abbots Ann, Hampshire. When a young unmarried female dies, of unblemished character, a coronal made of some metal is hung up in the parish church, to which crown are attached five white gloves, one in the centre and one at each corner. Nearly forty of these coronals are suspended from the roof.

CARVING FOR HIS DINNER.—The Boston Transcript relates the following anecdote of an old-time New England stage house: "At one of them, day after day, a stranger, apparently a guest, was politely asked by the landlord if he would be good enough for that day to carve the dish before him. Uniformly the well-dressed stranger gracefully complied and as gracefully carved the contents of the platter. Some over-inquisitive person, for there were such even in those famous old times, at last observed that day by day the same dish appeared in the same spot, that the same person occupied the same place at table, and the same polite request was in the same tone preferred and complied with. The well-dressed guest was a neighboring tailor who was famous as a carver, perhaps from practice on the goose, and who got his dinner for his services."

POUND PARTIES.—"Pound parties" are becoming very popular as the season wears on. Their object is the raising of supplies for the poor. Every guest is expected to bring something done up in a package. These packages are sold at auction during the evening, attractive young ladies taking the part of auctioneers. The articles are sold as boys trade jack-knives, "unsight and unseen," and each package must be opened in the presence of the entire company. It is regarded as ungallant to attend a "pound party" and not buy at least one package. Nice chaps must bid in articles for the girls, who want to know dreadfully what is done up in a particular package. A man who has an article knocked off to him at a good round price by the pretty auctioneer, loses caste if he does not pay for it even if he made no bid. In fact, that is one of the ways the joke comes. These pound parties are very fashionable and very popular.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Recently in Poughkeepsie, a lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the child's hand, and asked where she was going.

"Down town to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

"AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE."—The Memphis Avalanche says that an episode occurred at the Christmas matinee performance of the "New Magdalen," which convulsed the house with laughter, and had a visible effect upon Miss Gray and the supporting actors, Messrs. Evans and Knowles, who were on the stage at the time. The usual holiday hilarity was manifested frequently in the suburbs of the audience where the young bloods do mostly ogle, but in deference to public sentiment and the day celebrated no particular interruption was occasioned, and the drama ran smoothly on to the scene in the fourth act where the interest culminates in the story of Mercy Merrick's life, as told by the spurious Grace Roseberry. The recital is affecting, and was so on this occasion, and there were not a few eyes red with unsolicited tears, and even manly throats felt choking, despite seductive egg-nogs and less mysterious whiskey straight. Miss Ada Gray, as the penitent Mercy Merrick, had reached her twelfth year in her narrative, when some wicked youth in the parquet, who regarded not the proprieties, changed the whole current of feeling in the auditorium by an unexpected holiday joke. He had blown up one of those artfully contrived bladders, and at the instant when Miss Gray said "At twelve years of age" the infernal thing collapsed, and the sound was like unto a prolonged squall of a horse baby. Miss Gray averted her face and was convulsed with laughter, and could not proceed. The other two actors shook spasmodically, and the entire audience burst into a loud and uproarious guffaw.

"MILKY" COLLINS.—Poor Phil (says the Washington Capital) was taken considerably aback by a new member he invited to his house

to an entertainment he gave to Wilkie Collins. The Hon. Lycurgus Leatherlungs, from the Mill Creek Bottoms of Pennsylvania, had been to a dinner-party at Welcker's, and was considerably "sprung" when he reached Mr. Phil's palatial residence. A few glasses of choice old wine there completed his utter ruin. When he was presented to the celebrated English novelist he seized his hand, and, holding it firmly but affectionately, he gazed with intense earnestness in the face of the novelist. At last, finding words, he said:

"How are you, Milky?"

"I am quite well, sir; how do you do?"

"Oh, never mind me, Milky; I am all right; member-elect from Mill Creek Bottoms, and damned glad to see you."

Here Wilkie made an effort to escape, but the M. C. held on.

"I say, old Milky, I know you. I've got all your books and read one every day. I've got 'Hard Cash,' the 'Last of the Barons,' the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and all of 'em."

At this stunning information Wilkie Collins put all his strength into a frantic endeavor to escape. This, however, only resulted in the newly made member of Congress throwing his arms around the neck of the novelist and kissing him on the end of his intellectual nose. The spectacles disappeared in the struggle, and the entire force of the festive throng was brought to bear to throw poor "Milky" into the Committee of the Whole.

Next day, on Mr. Phil proposing to escort his distinguished guest to the Capitol that he might see the Senate and House of Representatives, Wilkie Collins turned pale and said, with a shudder:

"No, I thank you, rather not."

SKIN OF A WHITE MAN ENGRAFTED UPON A NEGRO.—Mr. George Pollock's well-known and successful experiment, by which he tested the success of Reverdin's valuable method of skin-grafting in surgery, has been repeated inversely in America. Dr. Maxwell, of Newcastle, Delaware, reports in the Philadelphia Medical Times of October 18, that in February, 1872, he was called to a negro who had been shot in the face with a bird-shot. As he was only a few feet from the muzzle of the gun, the discharge passed through the left cheek, in as compact a mass as if it had been a ball, and passed out at the posterior portion of the ramus of the lower jaw, just below the lobule of the ear. There was extensive sloughing, and Dr. Maxwell proposed skin-grafting. He conceived the idea of transplanting the skin of a white man; and the consent of the patient having been obtained, Dr. Maxwell cut from his own arm a piece of skin about the size of a dime. He also took from the patient's arm a similar piece, and, having cut them into pieces of the size of a canary-seed, carefully inserted them on the wound. All the white grafts except one died, and this one increased rapidly in size, till it was more than half an inch in diameter. After the wound had healed, Dr. Maxwell thus describes the patient's condition:—"Meeting my patient on the road, I readily distinguished the white patch on the side of the face twenty or thirty yards distant. Upon examination, dark-colored lines, forming a net-work on the white skin, were discovered. These lines increased in size and in number, deepening the colour of the patch, until, at the end of the third month, the whole of the surface of the wound was of an uniform black colour." The experiment is exceedingly interesting, and it is said to be the first published case of the kind.

A NOVEL BEVERAGE.—"One evening last week," says a Utica paper, "the members of a club-room distant about ten miles from this city were making arrangements to receive some distinguished guests from abroad. Now the wine-cellar of the club contains wine good enough for all ordinary occasions. But this reception was something extraordinary, and the regular vintage was not considered nice enough, to tickle the palates of the guests. It might do to commence with, but something unusually fine should be opened to top off with. The members were in a quandary, until one of them happened to recollect that in his father-in-law's cellar was some very fine sherry, sent from Europe by his uncle. He would wait until the folks were off to a meeting that evening, and then go and get a bottle of that sherry. But did he know in what part of the cellar the wine was? 'Certainly'; he could lay his hand on those bottles of wine even in the dark.' That settled the matter and the club was happy. Evening came, the guests arrived, and the folks went to meeting. The man who knew all about the wine went to the cellar of his father-in-law, found some carefully corked bottles in one corner of the same and brought one away. The regular club wine was served, and then, as the party was about breaking up, the president of the club arose and remarked that before the assemblage dispersed he wished them to try some very fine old sherry, which was only brought out on unusual occasions. Thereupon the man who knew all about it produced the bottle containing the choice mixture. The guests gathered around the president with glasses in their hands. After some difficulty the bottle was uncorked. Bowing gracefully to a colonel in the party, the president asked him to hold out his glass. He did so. The president lifted up the bottle. No wine came out. He lifted the bottle still more. Still no wine. He turned the bottle upside down, when slowly out of the bottle flowed some—tomato catsup."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

BET SUGAR.—A correspondent of the London Times called attention, recently, to the extraordinary development of the beet-sugar production in France, and expressed surprise at the neglect of this industry in England. The figures given by the writer are remarkable. In 1856-7, the production in France was 70,000 tons of sugar by 283 factories. Last year it was 409,000 tons of sugar by 520 factories. Belgium, Germany, Australia and Russia also participate in this industry, these countries with France having last year produced over 1,100,000 tons of sugar, worth fully £25,000,000.

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of unslacked lime. Slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep the steam in. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve and add to it a peck of salt previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on hot.—Farmer's Union.

UTILIZATION OF THE TIDES.—Mr. C. R. Huxley, writing to the Globe with reference to utilization of the tides as a motive power for machinery, says a plan is about to be submitted to the Government which illustrates the availability of water as a motive power for all standing machinery, whether for dockyards, arsenals, rivers—in fact, wherever water is within reach. It is calculated that this invention will save the Government £200,000 in fuel alone, and throw into the market, for domestic use, coal in such quantity as to reduce the price of this costly luxury to one half its present figure, and cheapen considerably most articles of manufacture.

A NEW VENTILATOR.—Captain Wintour, a resident of Bristol, has invented an apparatus, consisting of a metal frame with glass, at each end of a cylinder of gauze wire. The cylinder slides backwards and forwards in a metal shield, by means of which it can be easily fixed in any window, door, or indeed anywhere. The inventor claims for it that it is specially adapted for the windows of private houses, churches, hospitals, and all large buildings; it can also be fixed in carriages, cabins of ships, tents, conservatories, and greenhouses. Its action is to admit air at the sides of the cylinder only, and remove foul air simultaneously and imperceptibly, without the least draught, or admission of dust or insects.

RAPID FILTRATION.—A simple contrivance, acting upon the same principle as Bausen's filter has been proposed by E. Fleischer (American Journal of Pharmacy). A wide-mouthed bottle is closed with a rubber cork twice perforated; into one of the perforations the funnel is fitted, while a short glass tube, bent at a right angle is inserted into the other, and lengthened by means of a piece of rubber tubing with spring clamp attached. The filter is capped with a small filter, then inserted and well moistened so as to rest against the funnel; afterwards the liquor to be filtered is poured upon it, and the air in the receiving bottle rarified by sucking through the rubber tubing, which is then closed by the clamp.

A NEW BOARD FENCE.—I have seen the subject discussed as to the best method of setting posts for board fences for durability. I have devised a plan which I respectfully submit which I think will supersede any other, and do away with the mode now in use. Take three posts of any durable timber, four feet long; lay them on the ground near the line of the fence, nail on the board to each post; imbed a suitable stone in the ground where the post is to be set; raise the section of your fence on the same, and drive two stakes near each post; draw them tight together at the top; take a strong wire of suitable size, loop one end, bring around into the loop, loop in the other end and cut off your wire. For the second length or section, nail on to posts, elevate properly, secure the same by stakes and then nail the loose ends to the first section, and so proceed until the fence is finished. I would also recommend the stakes to be cut long enough to drive the second time when rotted off.—Cor. Western Rural.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.—When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should then purchase several dozens at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of the spring and summer when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily, then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler, never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen peels—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons, put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice, boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and have a cooling, healthful drink.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"KILLED by a visitation of Providence through the medium of a horse," was the Coroner's verdict in the case of a Georgia man who was kicked to death.

A CINCINNATI matron says that there is not a fashionable girl in that city but would rather stay away from church than be seen wearing a pair of single-button gloves.

"THE Israelites Crossing the Red Sea," is one of the paintings exhibited by a professor in Maine, who claims in his advertisement that they were "photographed direct from nature."

Mrs. GRUNDY says that if you wish to see a fine display of diamonds upon the human form you must secure an introduction to the ugliest woman to be found at a fashionable watering-place.

A DANDY at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please send your cow this way."—To whom the landlady retorted as follows: "Walter, take the cow down to where the calf is bleating."

THE Governor of Wyoming winds up his Thanksgiving proclamation in this style: "Give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever. In witness wherefore I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of Territory to be affixed," etc.

A WEALTHY parvenu lately gave the church which he attends two tables of stone, with the ten commandments engraved upon them: whereupon, a member of the church remarked that his reason for giving away the commandments was that he couldn't keep them.

A LADY returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that "when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn't for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do."

A GLAZIER was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a man began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The glazier bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor with—"Now, be off with you, or else I'll put a pane in your head without any putty."

A HARTFORD gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting and rooking in a chair till my head spins round like a top!" "Jess so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

"THE company shall never get another farthing of my money," said an angry lady in a train.—"How can you help yourself? You've got to travel on the road, or move to some other part of the country," sneeringly remarked the guard, who had offended her.—"Why," retorted the lady, "I'll pay my fare to you, and then I'll be bound that the company will never get the money!"

A MARRIED man says a looking-glass affords a woman a marvellous amount of comfort and gratification. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting her glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet. When there is a knock at the door, he goes there at once; but his wife, on the contrary, ejaculates, "Mercy, Joseph! who's that?" and dashes for the looking-glass the first thing.

A SCOTTISH minister being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of the contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weel, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

ANOTHER old citizen of Illinois is prematurely no more. "In life's great game of poker," as the aged minister tearfully observed in his funeral discourse, "he has thrown down his hand which, permit me to say, brethren, was equal to four aces and a queen, he has surrendered his chips, drained his glass to the dregs, and walked out." And, what is most remarkable about it is, the full force of the impropriety of keeping her rat-poison in the tea-pot did not seem to strike the old lady until about the time of the inquest.

THE Detroit man who "knew exactly what to do at a fire," when he saw little flames creeping around the chimney of a house he was passing by, first dashed into the house, then shouted "fire!" next overturned a bureau, and then bid one of the family go and sound the alarm. He then snatched up a table, ran into the yard, sent another boy to sound the alarm, ran in, and began to pull a bed to pieces, and ordered the women to throw every thing out-of-doors. Having got the bedstead down, and ordered a third boy to sound the fire-alarm, he carefully carried out a door-mat and a wood-box. The next thing was to throw a looking-glass out the window, and pull the baby's crib to pieces. Meanwhile another man had put out the fire with one pail of water, and came upon the scene of action just in time to prevent the hero from throwing the piano down cellar to make room for himself to work.

OUR PUZZLER.

28. LOGOGRIPHS.

I.

Complete I sail the ocean blue;
But when of heart bereft,
And then the residue transposed,
You'll see what there is left.

II.

Complete I am a well-known shrub;
But when of head bereft,
You very easily will see
That there is nothing left.

29. CHARADES.

I.

My first by most is understood
To comprehend the French for good,
My next, as you are all aware,
Will surely indicate a snare;
And both together will express
A portion of a lady's dress.

II.

My first comes at times 'twixt the cup and the lip;
My next is the Latin for by;
My whole give you ease when you're footsore
and tired.

30. PRECIOUS STONES.

1. Mad reel; 2. Gretna; 3. Did moan; 4. Pare hips; 5. Clean curb; 6. Stay them; 7. Learn coin; 8. O, quiet ruse.

31. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An impression. A famous mountain. To cast down. A scripture name. To enforce.
2. A term in geometry. A town in France. A large quantity. The name of a fury. To attempt.
3. A species of tree. Active. To mature. Inoffensive. An Oriental dye.
4. An Italian poet. To vary. A kind of support. Moral perception. A religious fraternity.
5. An opening. A musical composition. To penetrate. A lady's name. A collection of sacred writings.
6. A just demand. A weapon. To provoke. An ancient people. To deserve.

32. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. *My first* is when you're rather wild.
2. *Next* is to calm, and make you mild.
3. *This* often serves to give you light.
4. A protector *next* appears in sight.
5. To frighten, or to terrify,
In *my last* you then espy.
Take the outside letters down each side,
And likewise down the middle,
They give you three men's Christian names.

33. LETTER PUZZLE.

The following words, in the order named, will form three plain capital letters—the name of an European river. The initials of these letters will name three other rivers of Europe.

1. Light-hearted; to habituate; bustle; to put on; design, intention; not clerical; a tune; the front; keen resentment; a Turkish commander; a border.
2. A high mountain; iniquity; a small enclosure; a colour; one of the native minerals; Latin "peace;" undivided; to accuse; quick of perception; the mountain-mouse; a prayer.
3. To test; to feel pain; a snare; one's fate in the future; a hotel; to increase; silent; a fish; floating; swimming; the East Indian name for lunch; eastern.

34. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two flowers in the early spring,
Visions of fair summer bring.

1. She yields at last to the hound's swift speed.
2. It comes down fast without let or heed.
3. An Indian drug of cerulean hue.
4. The lark flies from it in early dew.
5. Pan made a pipe of one, I'm told.
6. At fish markets this is often sold.
7. A famous Roman in time of yore.
8. See it in a maiden's ear so pure.

35. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

One hundred; a period of time; a lazy animal; an American city; a reptile; a Scottish town; a female's name; a tree; and a vowel. The initials down and across will name a well-known reptile.

36. ARITHMOREM.

Shear, 150; ore, 56; maw, 102; t, park, 101; wear, 1,000; harp, 50. The initials read down will name a poet.

ANSWERS.

10. CHARADE.—Pip-kin.
11. LOGOGRIPH.—Team, steam.
12. CHARADES.—Sweet-heart.
13. ENIGMAS.—River.
14. CHARADE.—Necklace.
15. VERBAL PUZZLES.—Hollar.
16. CHARADE.—Wardrobe.
17. ENIGMA.—Blade.
18. ENIGMA.—Hook.
19. CHARADE.—Ram-part.
20. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Coal, Fire, thus; 1. ColF; 2. Orsini; 3. AIR; 4. LeveE.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Jan. 24th, 1874.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELTA, Rock Island.—Your solution of Problem 34 has been received, and is quite correct. It is a very neat problem, though not very difficult. We shall be glad to hear from you regularly.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 31.

By A. Z. HUGGINS.

White.

1. Kt to Q 1st
2. Mates acc.

Black.

1. Any move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 32.

By A. Z. HUGGINS.

Black.

1. Q to K 1st
2. B to Q Kt 2nd
3. B takes B mate.

White.

1. B takes Q
2. B interposes.

(a.)

2. K to Q 3rd (dis ch.)
3. Q takes B mate.

1. B to Q 5th (ch)
2. B interposes

(b.)

2. K takes B (ch)
3. Q to K 3rd mate.

1. B to Q 7th (ch)
2. K to B 5th

(c.)

2. Q takes B (ch)
3. Q takes P mate.

1. R takes B
2. K moves

(d.)

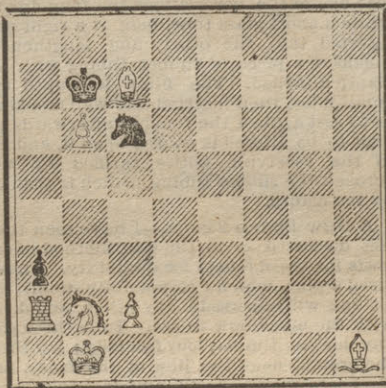
2. Q to K Kt 3rd (ch.)
3. Q takes Kt mate.

1. P to Q 4th
2. Kt interposes

PROBLEM No. 39.

By THOS. D. S. MOORE.

BLACK.



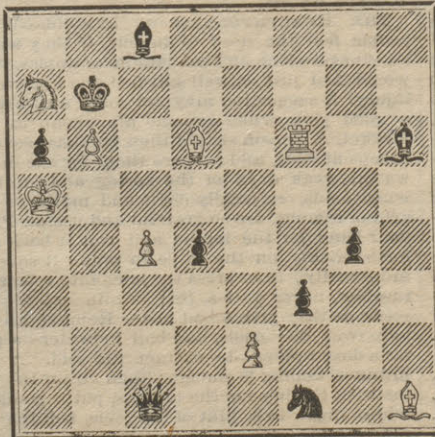
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 40.

By T. A. THOMPSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in two moves; Black in three moves.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN RYZANTIN TIMES.

Constantinople, now in the hands of the Turks was, as is well known, once a Christian city; its capture by a Mohammedan Power having taken place as lately as 1453. Of its actual condition previous to this change of character, not much is said in the usual accounts of the place. The subject, however, is historically interesting, and we purpose to offer a few particulars respecting the grand old place, gathered from a little-known narrative, which was drawn up by certain envoys despatched on a friendly mission from the king of Castile and Leon, just fifty years before the unhappy conquest of the city. The Castilians were only a fortnight in Constantinople, but under the guidance of one of the emperor's sons-in-law, they made good use of their time, and saw much to interest and amuse them, as well as to excite their pity. Pera, in which they lodged, was not then a mere suburb, but a small detached city of handsome houses, owing allegiance to the Genoese, to whom its site had been granted by one of the emperors. Constantinople itself, was at this time, surrounded by a strong, high wall, forming a triangle measuring six miles from angle to angle, and protected by towers, two sides of the wall facing the sea. The parts of the city near the sea were thickly populated, but the more central portions were interspersed with open fields and gardens. The first place to which their cicerone conducted the Spaniards was the church of St. John the Baptist, an edifice approached through a court of cypress-trees, amid which rose a handsome fountain, covered with a canopy supported by eight marble pillars. The interior of the church excited the admiration of the visitors, its lofty walls and roof being lavishly decorated with very small stones, covered with gold, blue, red, white, and green enamel, very beautiful to see. The seats were of carved wood, and between each stood a brazier filled with ashes, for the convenience of expectorating worshippers. They were much disappointed at not seeing the treasures of the relic-house; the emperor had gone for a day's hunting, and taken the keys, of which he was custodian, with him. They were more fortunate upon a second occasion. As the envoys entered the church, the monks robed themselves, lighted candles innumerable, and received the keys with much ceremony. Then, ascending to a sort of tower, they appeared, preceded by incense-burners chanting mournfully, with a chest, which they placed upon a high table covered with a silken cloth. Opening this chest, the officiating monks took out of it a white dimity bag, from which they produced three golden caskets, containing various objects, described as sacred relics, that need not be particularized. In the church of St. Mary's Peribolico, the strangers are said to have had the satisfaction of seeing the right arm of St. John in a fresh and healthy condition, only wanting the thumb, the lost of which formed the subject of an entertaining legend. There was still much more to see in the way of relics. At "a convent of old ladies," the Castilians saw a stone of many colours, bearing upon it tears dropped from the eyes of St. John and the three Maries, still as fresh as if newly fallen. At the church of Santa Maria de la Dessetria, the church of certain religious men who abstained from wine, the grease of meat, and fish containing blood, they saw a picture of the Virgin designed and made by the hands of St. Luke. This treasure of ancient art was painted upon a square board about six "palmos" in length and breadth, and was covered with silver, and inlaid with precious stones. Once every week this picture was carried by three or four men to the centre of the court in front of the church, for public edification. As Constantinople contained some three thousand churches and monasteries, not counting those in ruins, the visitors saw not a little of the relics enshrined there, but, considering the shortness of their stay, they had no reason to complain on this score. At Pera, their eyes were gladdened by beholding the bones of St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, St. Louis of France, St. Li of Genoa, and of the innocents slain by Herod's cruel edict; besides an arm of St. Luke, of Mary Magdalene, and of St. Stephen, the last minus the hand; three heads, once crowning the fair shoulders of three of the eleven hundred virgins; the heads and arm of St. Anne, the arm lacking a finger, stolen by one of the emperors in order to enrich his own collection of such curiosities; and many other things belonging to holy saints. At St. Sophia, the believing Spaniards beheld the identical gridiron upon which St. Lawrence was roasted, a fact which does not say much for the genuineness of the bar preserved in the Escorial, as taken from the saint's tomb at Tivoli by Pope Gregory.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A GOOD NAME.

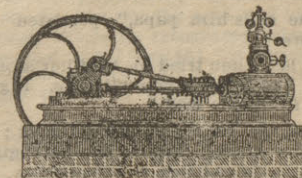
Character is an eminently personal thing, and is therefore, different from reputation. What a man is in his individual merits and virtues, and not what men judge him to be by his public manifestations, constitutes his character. The estimation in which one is held by the community is the sum of his worth in the judgment of his fellows, and is, therefore, his reputation among men; but this judgment may or may not be the measure of his real character. As a rule men are passed in society at their true social, intellectual, or moral value; for character is wont generally to impress itself upon the actions and manifestations of individuals in every day life. A selfish, ignorant, or vicious man,

for example, hardly ever passes for the opposite, or vice versa. But while character ordinarily secures proper recognition—virtue respected and vice disesteemed as the rule—yet there are exceptions to the rule. The individual character is not always expressed in action. Men, where their supposed interests are involved, act frequently with apparent virtue or magnanimity when neither of these sentiments forms an element of their real characters. There are those also whose exterior bearing would seem to conceal their excellencies of character—so constituted as to be better than they appear.

The basis of all true character is sterling virtue. This is primary and fundamental. Whatever elements enter into his composition, it is essentially defective without this. The man of principle commands only the esteem of the community, because he alone practically enforces those principles and virtues on which the social fabric rests for its security and welfare. No intellectual gifts or attainments, no social position, no elegance of person or manners, can compensate for the want of principle in individual character. At this point we must meet the requirements of the community's moral sense touching the propriety of human conduct; or fall below the standard which lifts men into the honorable regards of their fellows. Adventitious circumstances sometimes flush men with unmerited honor and position in life; but such characters wanting virtuous principle, are not long in descending to their appropriate level. That which has no substantial foundation gravitation must bring down; so with all undeserved reputation among men. Excellence only abides the test of time. They are but wise master builders who rear the temple of character on virtue.

The value of a good character cannot be over-estimated. Its bearing on individual happiness, not to speak of its influence on the welfare of society, is utterly inappreciable. The Book of all books declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and all experience confirms the truth of the declaration. Riches are but temporary, as is the good they impart. Fame, won save in the cause of virtue, has no substantial basis. Power wields its sceptre but for a day. But a good name is a joy, a crown, an inheritance for ever! It can never die, because virtue is imperishable. Would we, reader, have characters yielding us the highest possible enjoyment in life, and living as an element of beauty and power after we are dead? Let us then build on virtue and goodness, and the object of our ambition cannot possibly miscarry. Let us ever bear in mind the beautiful sentiment expressed by Longfellow:—

"For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."



EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL

GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED, 1823.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines, Steam Boilers and machinery generally.

Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR. St.

1-26-21

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM

TELESCOPE.

Will distinguish the time by a church clock five miles, a FLAGSTAFF and WINDOW BARS 10 MILES; landscape twenty miles distant, and will define the SATELLITES OF JUPITER and the PHASES OF VENUS, &c., &c. This extraordinary CHEAP AND POWERFUL glass is of the best make and possesses ACHROMATIC LENSES and is equal to a telescope costing \$20.00. NO STUDENT or TOURIST should be without one. Sent Post free to all parts in the Dominion of Canada on receipt of price, \$3.00

H. SANDERS,

Optician, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

Illustrated Catalogue 16 pages sent free for one stamp.

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

2-13-1 an

Printed and published by the DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine St., Montreal.